

SONGS
of
MATCHLESS
LOVE

Edited By
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS
and
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Songs *of* Matchless Love

FOR

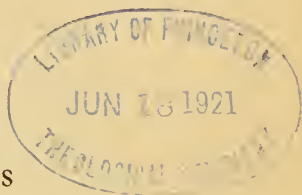
Evangelistic Services, Devotional Meetings
and Sunday Schools

EDITED BY

BENJAMIN F. BUTTS

AND

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN



HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY
228 WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO

A Foreword

"Awake, my soul,
In joyful lays,
To sing thy
Great Redeemer's praise!
He justly claims
A song from me;
His loving-kindness,
O, how free!"

SONGS OF MATCHLESS LOVE

I

What a Wonderful Savior.

E. A. H

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Christ has for sin a-tone-ment made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
5. He gives me o - ver-com-ing pow'r, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
6. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

We are redeem'd! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And keeps me faith - ful day by day; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
And tri - umph in each try - ing hour; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

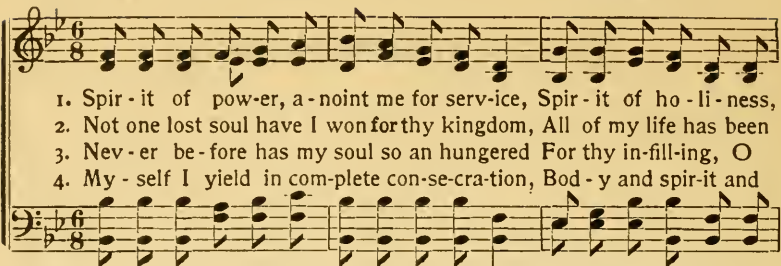
CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Je - sus!

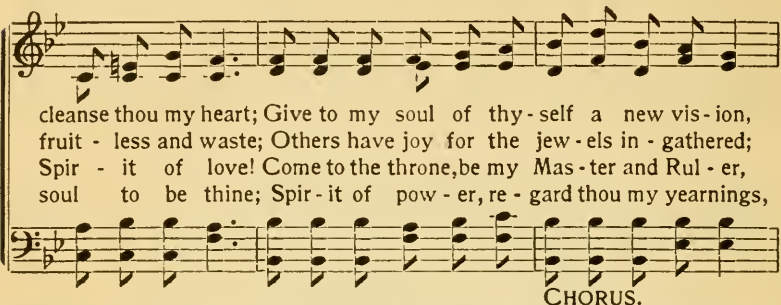
What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, my Lord!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.

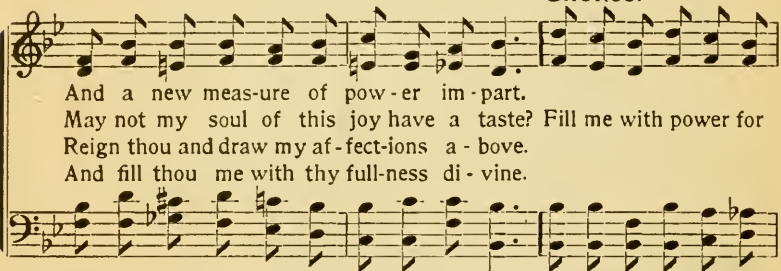


1. Spir - it of pow - er, a - noint me for serv - ice, Spir - it of ho - li - ness,
 2. Not one lost soul have I won for thy kingdom, All of my life has been
 3. Nev - er be - fore has my soul so an hungered For thy in - fill - ing, O
 4. My - self I yield in com - plete con - se - cra - tion, Bod - y and spir - it and

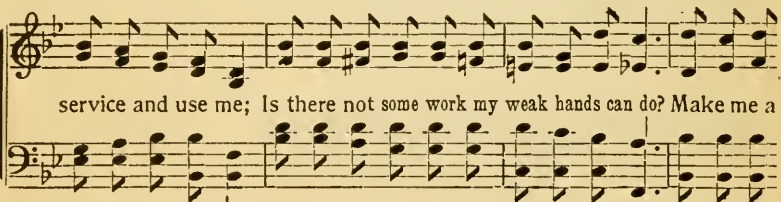


cleanse thou my heart; Give to my soul of thy - self a new vis - ion,
 fruit - less and waste; Others have joy for the jew - els in - gathered;
 Spir - it of love! Come to the throne, be my Mas - ter and Rul - er,
 soul to be thine; Spir - it of pow - er, re - gard thou my yearnings,

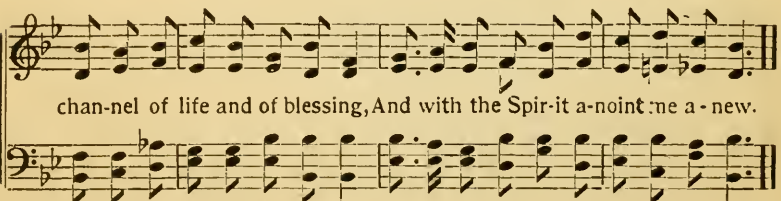
CHORUS.



And a new meas - ure of pow - er im - part.
 May not my soul of this joy have a taste? Fill me with power for
 Reign thou and draw my af - fect - ions a - bove.
 And fill thou me with thy full - ness di - vine.



service and use me; Is there not some work my weak hands can do? Make me a

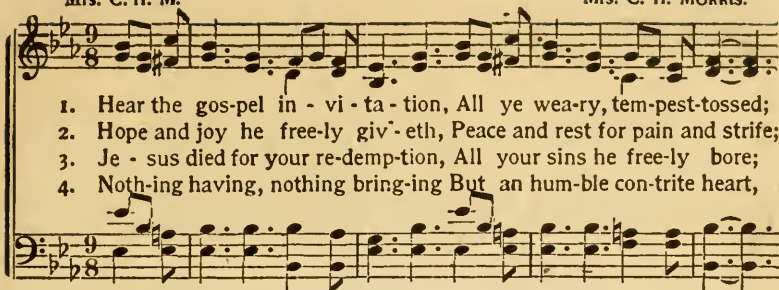


chan - nel of life and of blessing, And with the Spir - it a - noint me a - new.

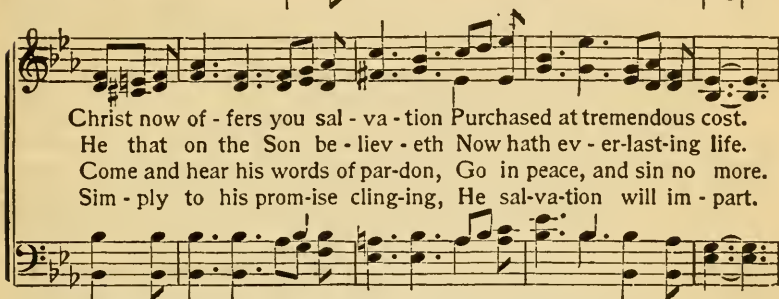
Christ is Able.

Mrs. C. H. M.

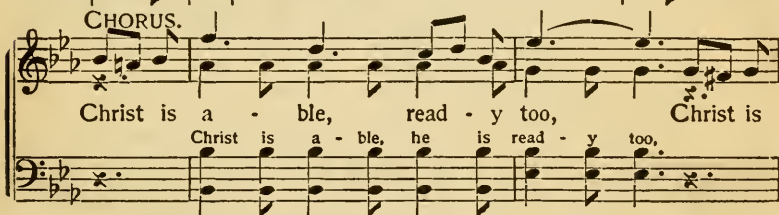
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



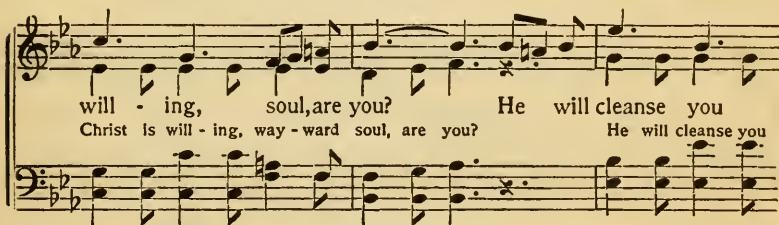
1. Hear the gos-pel in - vi - ta - tion, All ye wea-ry, tem-pest-tossed;
2. Hope and joy he free-ly giv'-eth, Peace and rest for pain and strife;
3. Je - sus died for your re-demp-tion, All your sins he free-ly bore;
4. Noth-ing having, nothing bring-ing But an hum-ble con-trite heart,



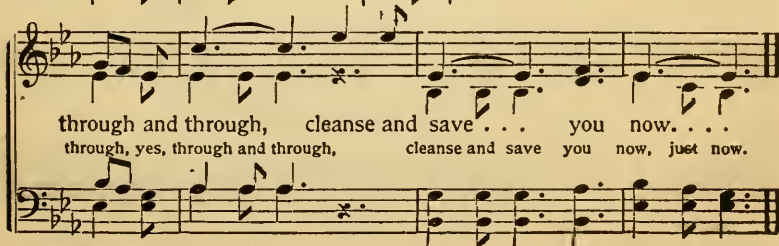
Christ now of - fers you sal - va - tion Purchased at tremendous cost.
 He that on the Son be - liev - eth Now hath ev - er-last-ing life.
 Come and hear his words of par-don, Go in peace, and sin no more.
 Sim - ply to his prom-ise cling-ing, He sal-va-tion will im - part.



CHORUS.
 Christ is a - ble, read - y too, Christ is
 Christ is a - ble, he is read - y too.



will - ing, soul, are you? He will cleanse you
 Christ is will - ing, way - ward soul, are you? He will cleanse you



through and through, cleanse and save . . . you now. . . .
 through, yes, through and through, cleanse and save you now, just now.

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al-lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress he kind - ly will help me; He ever
 passionate Friend; If I but ask him, he will de - liv - er, Make of my
 burdens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and he will help me O - ver the

CHORUS.

loves and cares for his own.
 troub-les quick-ly an end. } I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 cares and sor-rows will share.
 world the vic-t'ry to win.

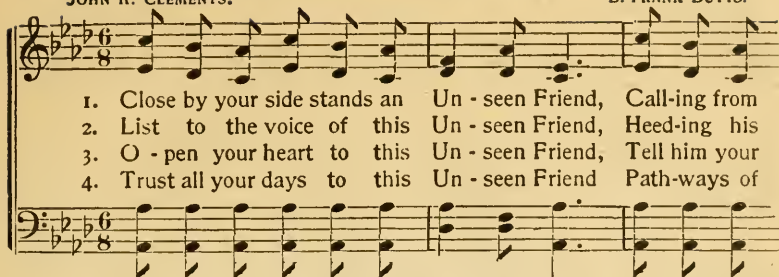
Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

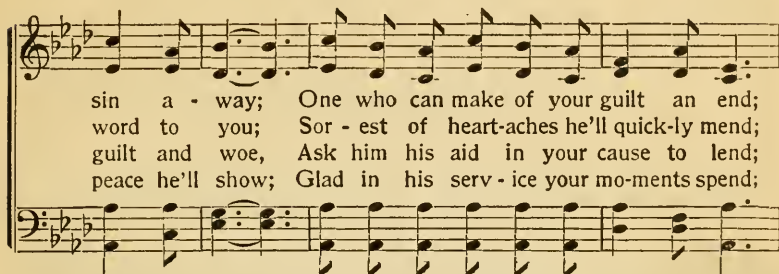
An Unseen Friend.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

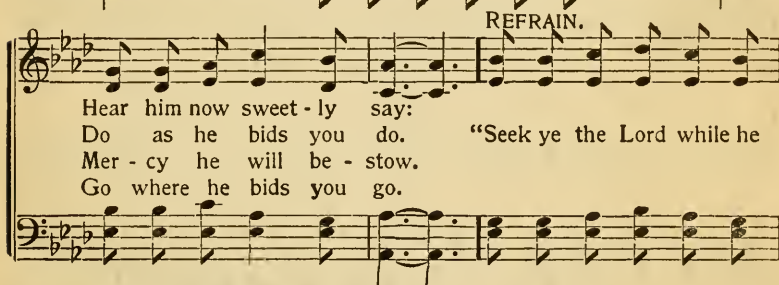
B. FRANK BUTTS.



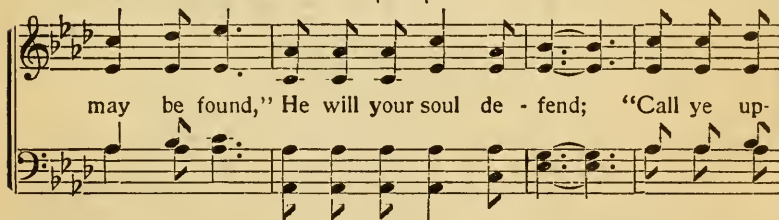
1. Close by your side stands an Un - seen Friend, Call-ing from
 2. List to the voice of this Un - seen Friend, Heed-ing his
 3. O - pen your heart to this Un - seen Friend, Tell him your
 4. Trust all your days to this Un - seen Friend Path-ways of



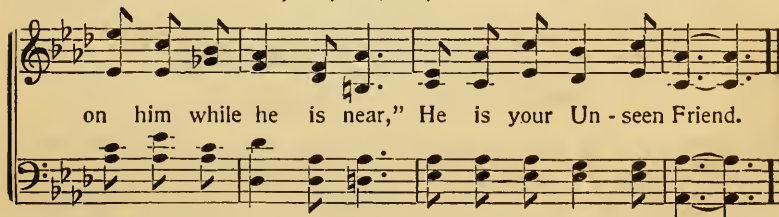
sin a - way; One who can make of your guilt an end;
 word to you; Sor - est of heart-aches he'll quick-ly mend;
 guilt and woe, Ask him his aid in your cause to lend;
 peace he'll show; Glad in his serv - ice your mo-ments spend;



REFRAIN.
 Hear him now sweet - ly say:
 Do as he bids you do. "Seek ye the Lord while he
 Mer - cy he will be - stow.
 Go where he bids you go.



may be found," He will your soul de - fend; "Call ye up-

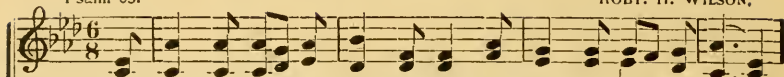


on him while he is near," He is your Un - seen Friend.

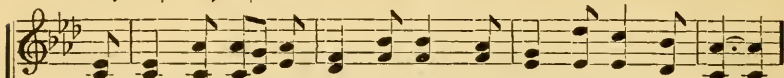
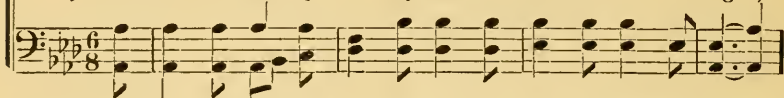
6 The Joy of Communion With God.

Psalms 63.

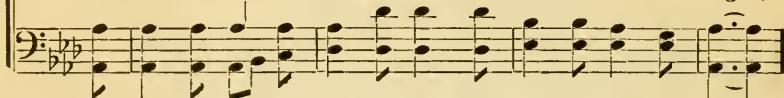
ROBT. H. WILSON,



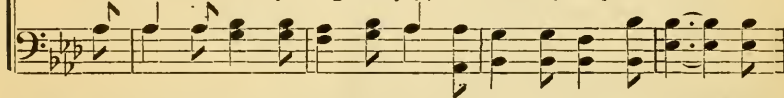
1. Lord, thee my God I ear - ly seek, My soul doth thirst for thee;
2. Since bet - ter is thy love than life, My lips thee praise shall give;
3. When I do thee up - on my bed Re-mem - ber with de - light,



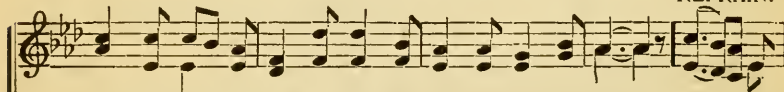
My flesh longs in a dry parched land, Where in no wa - ters be;
I in thy name will lift my hands And bless thee while I live.
And when on thee I med - i - tate In watch - es of the night;



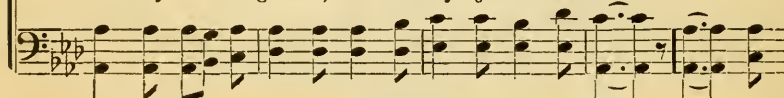
That I thy pow - er may be - hold, And brightness of thy face, As
As when with fatness well supplied, My soul enriched shall be; Then
In shad - ow of thy wings I'll joy, For thou my help hast been; To



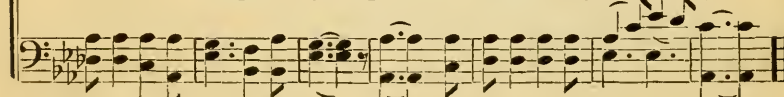
REFRAIN.



I have seen thee here-to-fore, Within thy ho - ly place.
shall my mouth with joyful lips Sing praises un - to thee. In the
thee my soul clings fast, and me Thy right hand doth sustain.



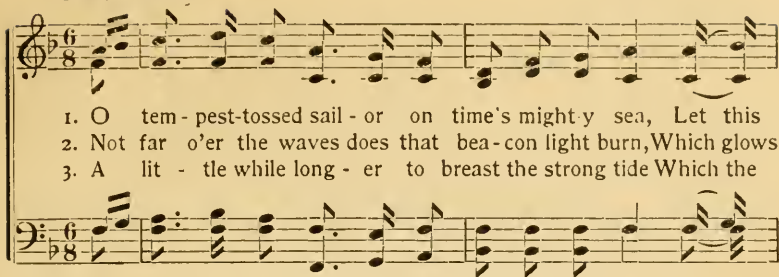
shadow of thy wings, of thy wings, In the shadow of thy wings I'll joy.



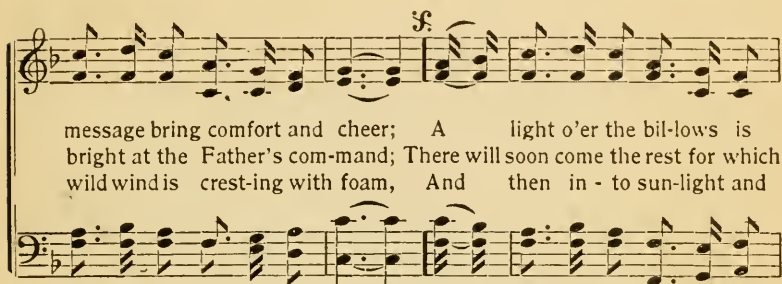
The Heavenly Harbor Is Near.

JENNIE WILSON.

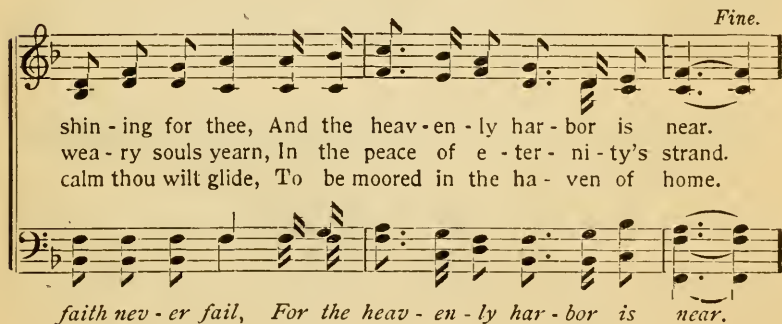
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



1. O tem - pest-tossed sail - or on time's might-y sea, Let this
 2. Not far o'er the waves does that bea-con light burn, Which glows
 3. A lit - tle while long - er to breast the strong tide Which the



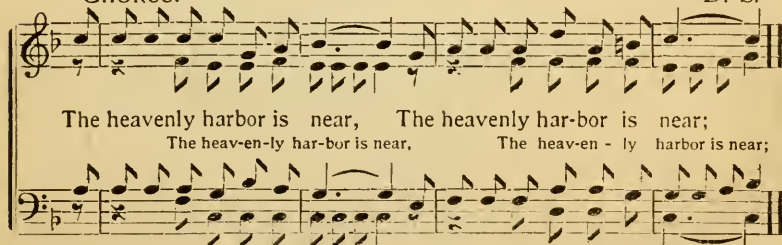
message bring comfort and cheer; A light o'er the bil-lows is
 bright at the Father's com-mand; There will soon come the rest for which
 wild wind is crest-ing with foam, And then in - to sun-light and

D. S.—Tho' the fierce storms assail let your


Fine.
 shin - ing for thee, And the heav - en - ly har - bor is near.
 wea - ry souls yearn, In the peace of e - ter - ni - ty's strand.
 calm thou wilt glide, To be moored in the ha - ven of home.

faith nev - er fail, For the heav - en - ly har - bor is near.

CHORUS.

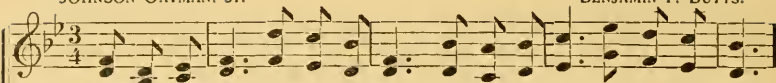
D. S.


The heavenly harbor is near, The heavenly har-bor is near;
 The heav-en-ly har-bor is near, The heav-en - ly harbor is near;

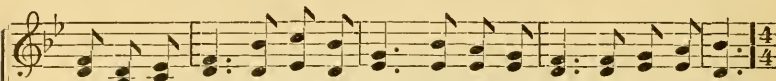
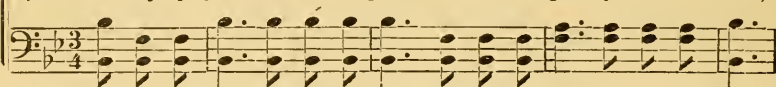
I Know He's Mine.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

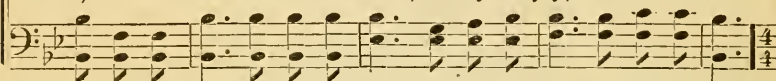
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



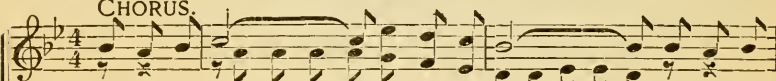
1. There's One above all earthly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends,
2. He's mine be-cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
3. He's mine be-cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,



It is my Lord and Christ divine, My Lord, because I know he's mine.
 With joy I worship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
 Then, while his arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."



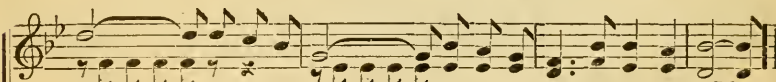
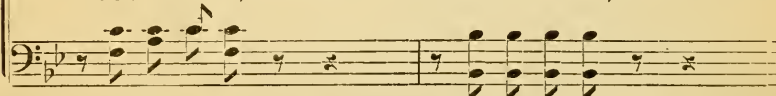
CHORUS.



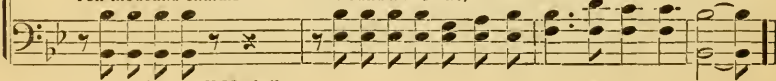
I know he's mine, this friend so dear, He lives with
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,



me, he's ev - er near; Ten thou-sand
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near;



charms . . . around him shine, And, best of all, I know he's mine.
 Ten thousand charms around him shine,



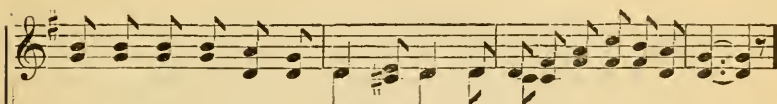
Clinging to Jesus, Alone.

E. E. HEWITT, Alt.

M. L. MCPHAIL.



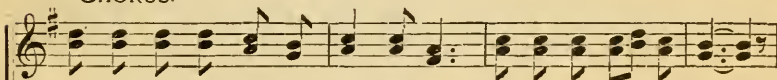
1. "Glo-ry to Je-sus!" my glad heart sings, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;
2. He is my keep-er from day to day, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;
3. He is my Star thro' the gloomy night, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone,
4. He is my Strength when temptations throng, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;
5. All thro' the journey my song shall be, Je-sus a-lone, Je-sus a-lone;



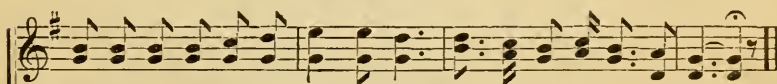
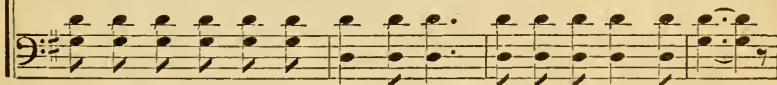
Grace and sal - va - tion to me he brings, And I am his chosen, his own.
 Held by his hand I shall nev - er stray, I'm clinging to Jesus a-lone.
 And my chief Joy when the skies are bright; I'm clinging to Jesus a-lone.
 And though the con - flict be hard and long, I'm clinging to Jesus a-lone.
 Chanting life's mu - sic to love's sweet key, And clinging to Jesus a-lone.



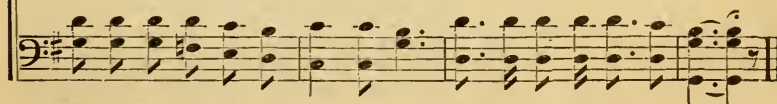
CHORUS.



I will sing prais-es to him I love; Is he not all my own?



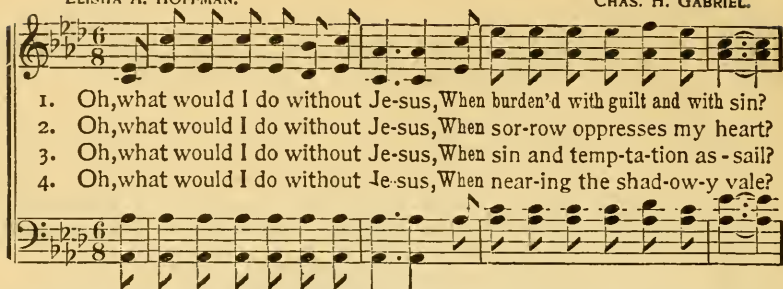
I will press on to the home a-bove, Cling-ing to Je-sus a - lone.



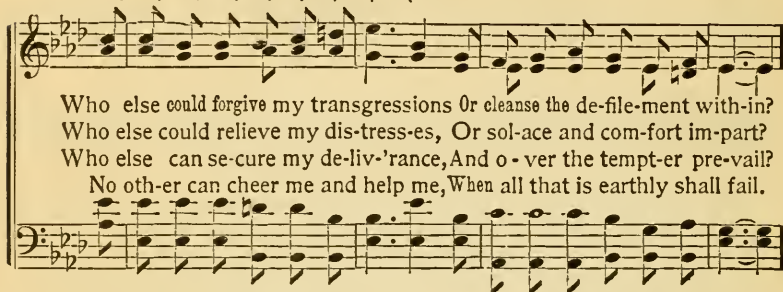
10 What Would I Do without Jesus?

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

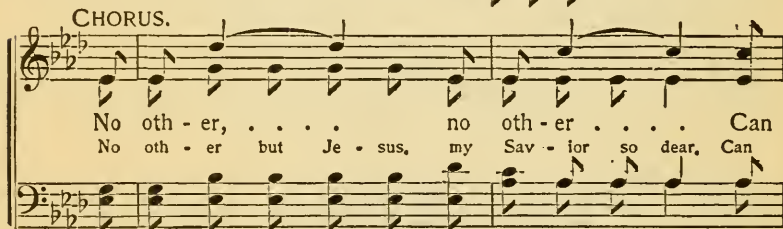


1. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When bur-den'd with guilt and with sin?
 2. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sor-row oppresses my heart?
 3. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When sin and tempt-a-tion as-sail?
 4. Oh, what would I do without Je-sus, When near-ing the shad-ow-y vale?

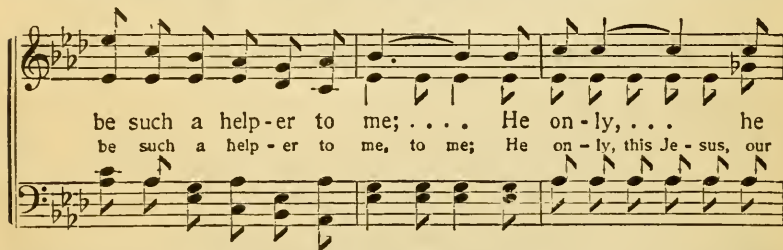


Who else could forgive my trans-gres-sions Or cleanse the de-file-ment with-in?
 Who else could relieve my dis-tress-es, Or sol-ace and com-fort im-part?
 Who else can se-cure my de-liv'-rance, And o-ver the tempt-er pre-vail?
 No oth-er can cheer me and help me, When all that is earthly shall fail.

CHORUS.



No oth-er, no oth-er Can
 No oth-er but Je-sus, my Sav-ior so dear, Can



be such a help-er to me; He on-ly, . . . he
 be such a help-er to me, to me; He on-ly, this Je-sus, our

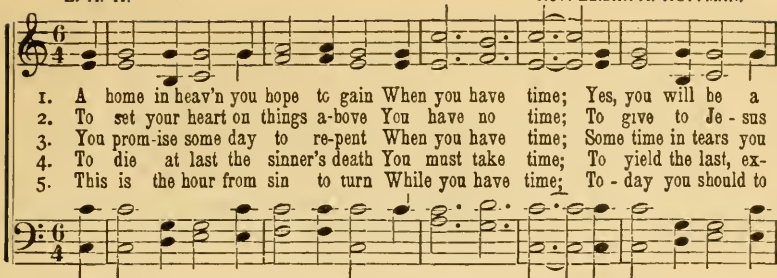


on-ly My Lord and my Sav-ior shall be.
 gra-cious Re-deem-er,

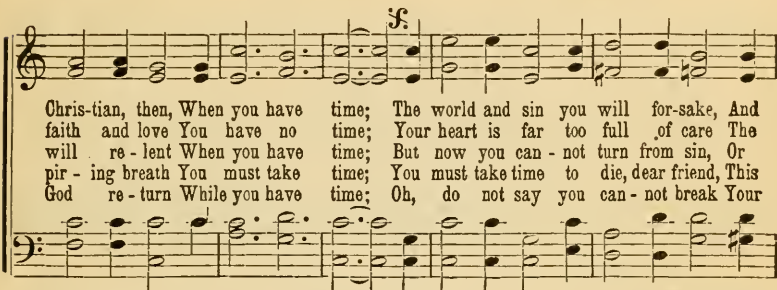
When You Have Time.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

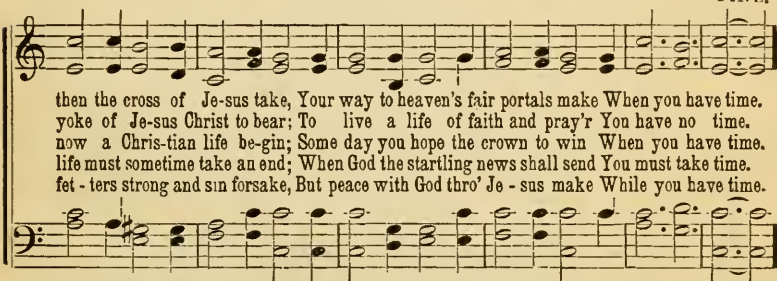


1. A home in heav'n you hope to gain When you have time; Yes, you will be a
 2. To set your heart on things a-bove You have no time; To give to Je-sus
 3. You prom-ise some day to re-pent When you have time; Some time in tears you
 4. To die at last the sinner's death You must take time; To yield the last, ex-
 5. This is the hour from sin to turn While you have time; To-day you should to



Chris-tian, then, When you have time; The world and sin you will for-sake, And
 faith and love You have no time; Your heart is far too full of care The
 will re-lent When you have time; But now you can-not turn from sin, Or
 pir-ing breath You must take time; You must take time to die, dear friend, This
 God re-turn While you have time; Oh, do not say you can-not break Your

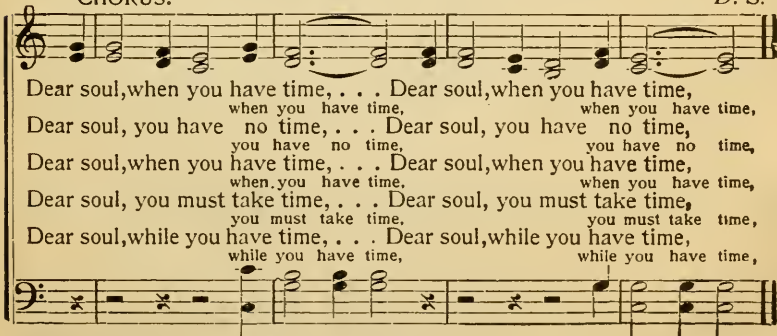
FINE.



then the cross of Je-sus take, Your way to heaven's fair portals make When you have time.
 yoke of Je-sus Christ to bear; To live a life of faith and pray'r You have no time.
 now a Chris-tian life be-gin; Some day you hope the crown to win When you have time.
 life must sometime take an end; When God the startling news shall send You must take time.
 fet-ters strong and sin forsake, But peace with God thro' Je-sus make While you have time.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Dear soul, when you have time, . . . Dear soul, when you have time,
 when you have time, when you have time,
 Dear soul, you have no time, . . . Dear soul, you have no time,
 you have no time, you have no time,
 Dear soul, when you have time, . . . Dear soul, when you have time,
 when you have time, when you have time,
 Dear soul, you must take time, . . . Dear soul, you must take time,
 you must take time, you must take time,
 Dear soul, while you have time, . . . Dear soul, while you have time,
 while you have time, while you have time,

JENNIE REF.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. He will hide me in his pa - vil-ion, He will shield me from the foe,
 2. "He will cover me with his feathers," Me from fam-ine he will keep,
 3. He will guide me to fields e-ter-nal, When the day of life is past;

He will lead me in pastures vernal, Where the cool-ing waters flow.
 He, the Shepherd, will not forsake me, Tho' a wayward, wand'ring sheep.
 Thro' the val-ley of shadows safe-ly He will lead me home at last.

CHORUS.

I'll go with him, I'll go with him; Lead me,
 I'll go with him, I'll go with him;

Lord, I'll fol - low thee; I'll go with him,
 Lead me, Lord, I'll fol - low, fol - low thee; I'll go with him,

I'll go with him; Lead me, Lord, I'll fol - low thee.
 I'll go with him; Lead me, Lord, I'll fol - low, fol - low thee.

Heavenly Sunlight.

H. J. ZELLEY.

G. H. COOK.

1. Walk-ing in sun - light, all of my jour - ney; O - ver the mountains,
 2. Shad-ows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev - er con - ceal my
 3. In the bright sun - light, ev - er re - joic - ing, Pressing my way to

thro' the deep vale; Je - sus has said, I'll nev - er for - sake thee,
 Sav - ior and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,
 man-sions a - bove; Sing-ing his prais - es, glad - ly I'm walk-ing,

CHORUS.

Prom - ise di - vine that nev - er can fail.
 Ev - er I'm walk - ing close to his side. Heav - en - ly sun - light,
 Walk - ing in sun - light, sun - light of love.

heav - en - ly sun - light; Flooding my soul with glo - ry di - vine: Hal - le -

lu - jah, I am re - joic - ing, Sing - ing his prais - es, Je - sus is mine.

Somebody Must.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. Some one must strug-gle that oth-ers may win; Some one the
 2. Some one must car - ry the weak-er one's load; Some one must
 3. Some one must stand in the thick of the fight; Some one must

world's bet-ter day must bring in; Some one the work that is
 blaze through the for - est a road; Some one must lead o'er the
 strike for the brave and the right; Some one must die for the

hard-est must do—Some - bod - y must, broth-er! shall it be you?
 path that is new—Some - bod - y must, broth-er! shall it be you?
 pure and the true—Some - bod - y must, broth-er! shall it be you?

CHORUS.

Some-bod-y must! Somebody must! Do then your duty, in God be your trust;

Some-bod-y must! Somebody must! Live like a hero, for somebody must.

Victory.

W.M. STONE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. See the foe ad-vanc-ing like a mighty throng, Onward to the conquest,
 2. Fierce the bat-tle ra-ges, who will gain the day, Forward, ev-er, forward,
 3. Long the con-flict wages, courage we shall need, Ere the foe is vanquished

raise the bat-tle song; Nev-er fear the con-flict, we will gain the day,
 hear the Cap-tain say, We shall gain the conquest, vic-to-ry or die;
 and from sin we're freed; But we'll nev-er fal-ter till the bat-tle's o'er,

CHORUS.

Je-sus is our Captain and will lead the way.
 Vic-to-ry and freedom; shout the bat-tle cry. Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!
 Then we'll shout a "vic'try" on the oth-er shore.

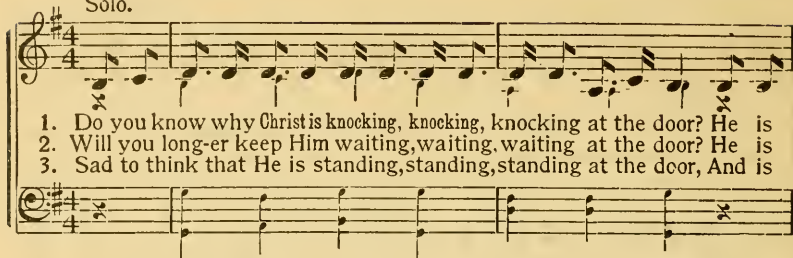
"Forward!" is the cry, Take the world for, Jesus, vic-to-ry or die; Vic-to-ry!

victory! raise the banner high, "Victory and freedom!" shout the battle-cry.

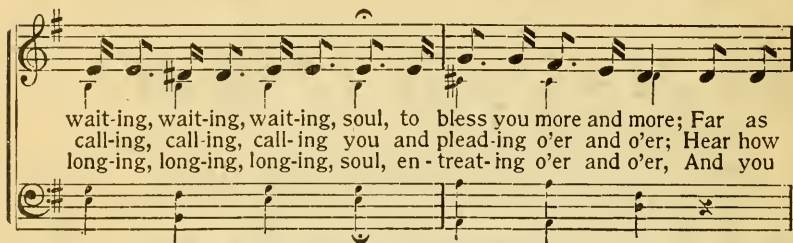
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

FLORENCE M. HOFFMAN.

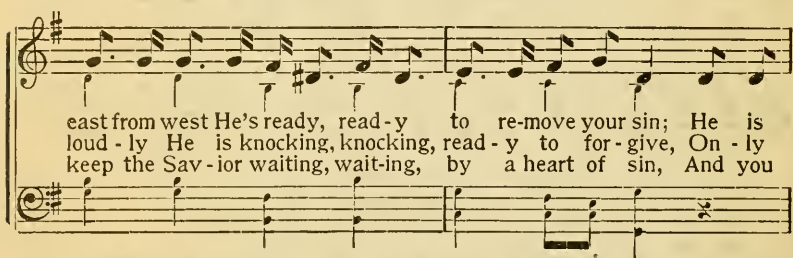
Solo.



1. Do you know why Christ is knocking, knocking, knocking at the door? He is
 2. Will you long-er keep Him waiting, waiting, waiting at the door? He is
 3. Sad to think that He is standing, standing, standing at the door, And is

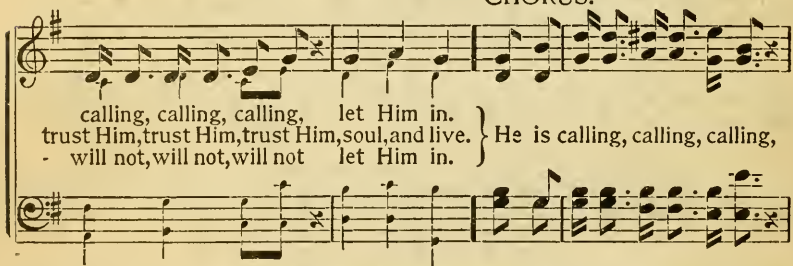


wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, soul, to bless you more and more; Far as
 call-ing, call-ing, call-ing you and plead-ing o'er and o'er; Hear how
 long-ing, long-ing, long-ing, soul, en-treat-ing o'er and o'er, And you

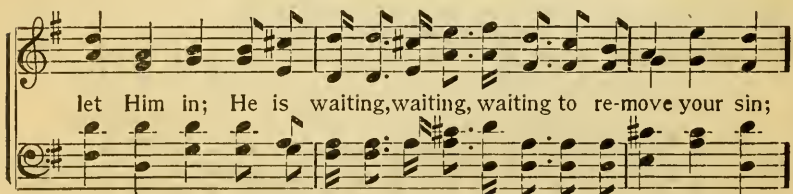


east from west He's ready, read-y to re-move your sin; He is
 loud-ly He is knocking, knocking, read-y to for-give, On-ly
 keep the Sav-ior waiting, wait-ing, by a heart of sin, And you

CHORUS.



calling, calling, calling, let Him in.
 trust Him, trust Him, trust Him, soul, and live. } He is calling, calling, calling,
 - will not, will not, will not let Him in. }



let Him in; He is waiting, waiting, waiting to re-move your sin;

And You Will Not Let Him In.

He is knocking at the door, He is knock-ing o'er and o'er;

Will you wel-come, wel-come, wel-come Je - sus in?

17 Try the Healing Fountain.

HALLE WUNDERLIN.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Fine.

1. { Art thou walk-ing in the shad-ow When thy God Him-self is light? }
 { Do life's bur-dens hard op-press thee? Livest thou a-lone by sight? }
 2. { Do sweet strains of sil-v'ry mu-sic Bring a dis-cord to thine ear? }
 { When thy weary heart seeks gladness Comes instead the blinding tear? }
 3. { Gath-er-ing life's fair-est ro-ses, Findest thou a stinging thorn, }
 { Leav-ing thee but pain and sor-row, And thy spir-it bleeding, torn? }

D. C.—To the Cross bring all thy sor-rows, How to heal them Je-sus knows.

CHORUS.

D. C.

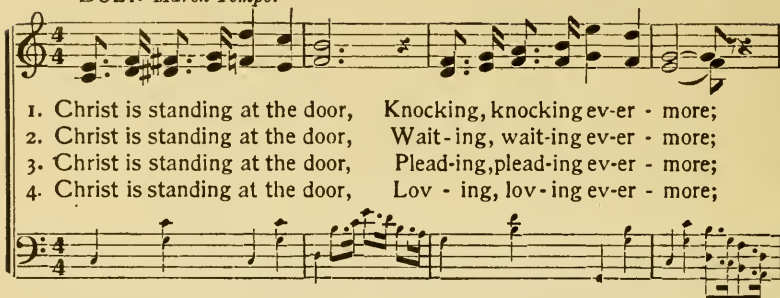
Come and try the Heal-ing Fountain Which for sin and suff'ring flows;

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4. Why not try the Healing Fountain,
 Whence a balm for suffering flows
 O'er the heart all weary, broken,
 O'er the life all filled with woes?</p> | <p>5. There the Savior, meekly waiting,
 Longs thy spirit to release
 From its weight of care and sorrow,
 And to give His love and peace.</p> |
|--|--|

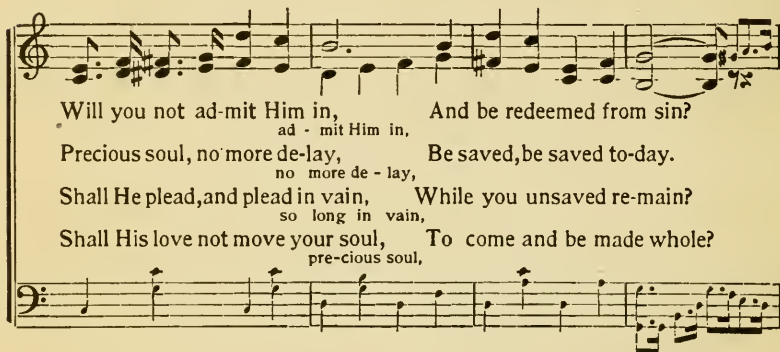
Christ is at the Door.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
DUET. *March Tempo.*

ARTHUR W. NELSON.

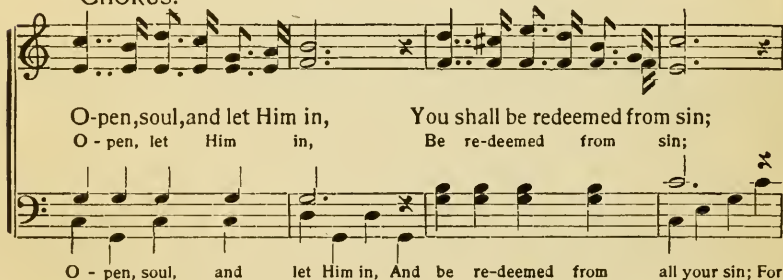


1. Christ is standing at the door, Knocking, knocking ev-er - more;
2. Christ is standing at the door, Wait-ing, wait-ing ev-er - more;
3. Christ is standing at the door, Plead-ing, plead-ing ev-er - more;
4. Christ is standing at the door, Lov - ing, lov-ing ev-er - more;

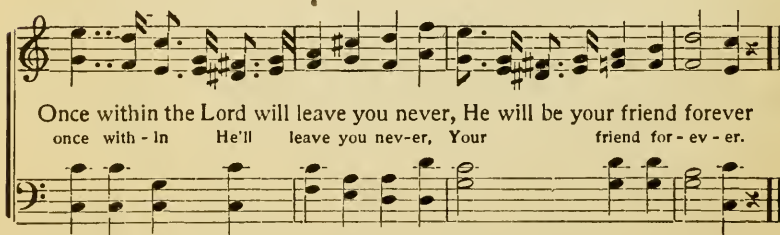


Will you not ad-mit Him in, And be redeemed from sin?
ad - mit Him in,
Precious soul, no more de-lay, Be saved, be saved to-day.
no more de - lay,
Shall He plead, and plead in vain, While you unsaved re-main?
so long in vain,
Shall His love not move your soul, To come and be made whole?
pre-cious soul,

CHORUS.



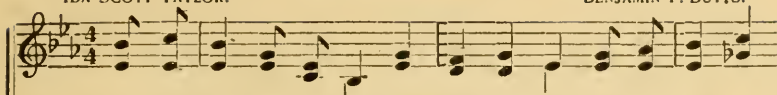
O - pen, soul, and let Him in, You shall be redeemed from sin;
O - pen, let Him in, Be re-deemed from sin;
O - pen, soul, and let Him in, And be re-deemed from all your sin; For



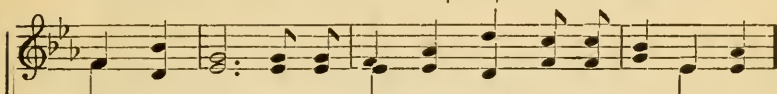
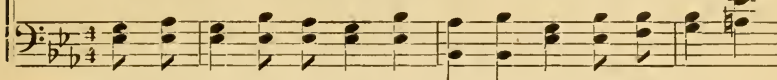
Once within the Lord will leave you never, He will be your friend forever
once with - in He'll leave you nev-er, Your friend for - ev - er.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

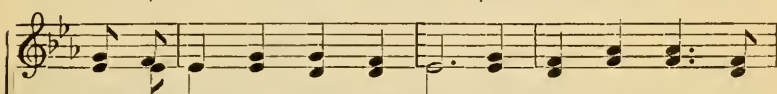
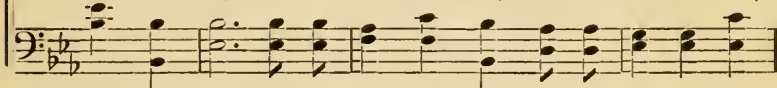
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



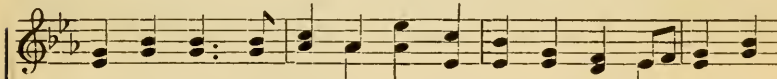
1. We are go - ing a-way, some sweet glad day, To a fair - er
2. We are go - ing a-way, some sweet glad day, To the loved ones
2. We are go - ing a-way, some sweet glad day, When our earthly



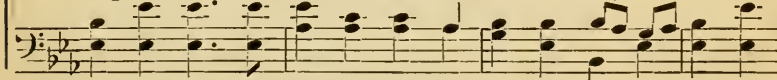
land we're told, Where a throng a - waits at the pearl - y gates
gone be - fore; With the shin - ing throng, in the Land of Song,
race is run, When the shad - ows fall, and we hear the call,



Of the Cit - y's gleam - ing gold; We know not how, we
We shall find them all once more; The friends so dear, we've
At the set - ting of life's sun; Then shall we rest a -



know not when, We on - ly watch and wait till then, When Christ shall
longed for here, In heav'nly beau - ty shall ap - pear, Their wel - come
mong the blest, With those we know and love the best, In robes of



come, the King of men, Some sweet glad day, Some sweet glad day.
greet - ings we shall hear, Some sweet glad day, Some sweet glad day.
right - eous - ness be blest, Some sweet glad day, Some sweet glad day.



E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Gath-er-ing from each kin-dred and na-tion, Gath-er-ing from the
 2. Gath-er-ing from the hedg-es and high-ways, Gath-er-ing from the
 3. Gath-er-ing in the sin-ful and wea-ry, Out of a life un-
 4. Gath-er-ing in the lost and transgressing, Gath-er-ing souls their

earth's wide cre-a-tion, Gath-er-ing in the heirs of sal-va-tion,
 lanes and the by-ways, Gath-er-ing from the far and the nigh ways,
 hap-py and drear-y, Un-to a life all sun-bright and cheer-y,
 Sav-ior con-fess-ing, Gath-er-ing them to share heaven's blessing,

CHORUS.

Gathering souls as gems for His crown.
 Gathering souls as gems for His crown.
 Gathering souls as gems for His crown.
 Gathering them as gems for His crown. } Gathering gems for the King's cor-o-

na-tion, Jewels of love from each kindred and na-tion, Gathering in the

heirs of sal-va-tion, Gath-er-ing beau-ti-ful gems for His crown.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

J. M. HUNT.

1. Come, ye who are thirst-y, Christ is at the well; He will give you
 2. Deep the well sal-va-tion, deep and free for you; Heal-ing are its
 3. Has-ten to the wa-ters lest you be too late; Do not fail to

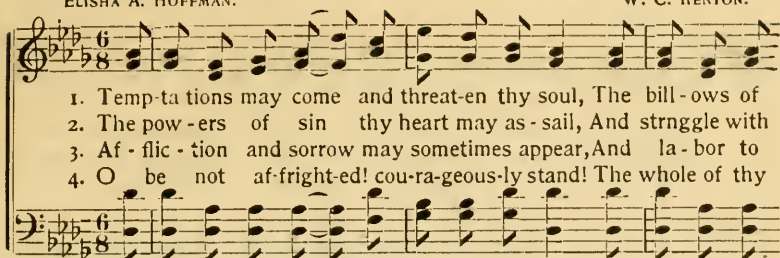
wa-ter all your thirst to quell; Wait ye then no long-er,
 wa-ters,cleansing thro' and thro'; At the spring-ing foun-tain
 en-ter mer-cy's o-pen gate; Should you tar-ry long-er

He will welcome all; Has-ten to the foun-tain at the Sav-ior's call.
 drink and thirst no more, Many have been saved by drinking here be-fore.
 yours may be the woe Of the souls who heedless past the fountain go.

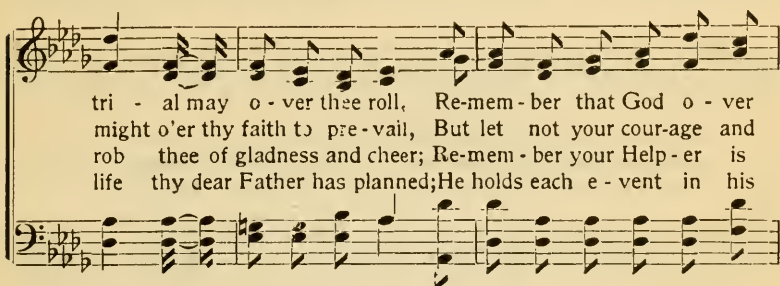
CHORUS.

Fountain ev-er flowing, glad and free, It was opened wide for you and me;

Drink its living waters, thirst no more, But have life and hap-pi-ness for-ev-er-more.

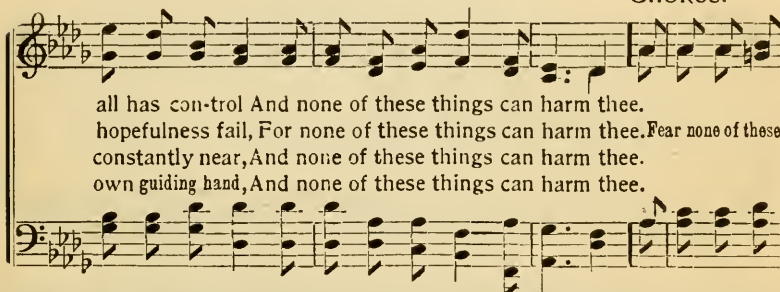


1. Temp-ta-tions may come and threat-en thy soul, The bill-ows of
 2. The pow-ers of sin thy heart may as-sail, And strnggle with
 3. Af-flic-tion and sorrow may sometimes appear, And la-bor to
 4. O be not af-fright-ed! cou-ra-geous-ly stand! The whole of thy

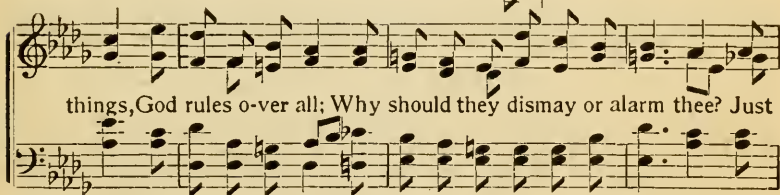


tri-al may o-ver thee roll, Re-mem-ber that God o-ver
 might o'er thy faith to pre-vail, But let not your cour-age and
 rob thee of gladness and cheer; Re-mem-ber your Help-er is
 life thy dear Father has planned; He holds each e-vent in his

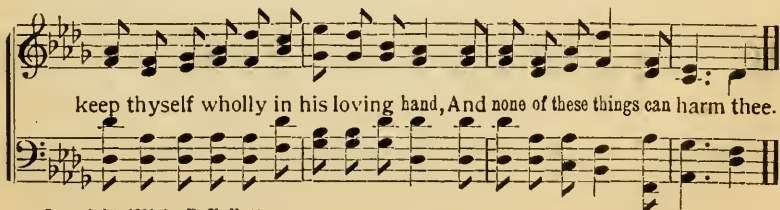
CHORUS.



all has con-trol And none of these things can harm thee.
 hopefulness fail, For none of these things can harm thee. Fear none of these
 constantly near, And none of these things can harm thee.
 own guiding hand, And none of these things can harm thee.



things, God rules o-ver all; Why should they dismay or alarm thee? Just

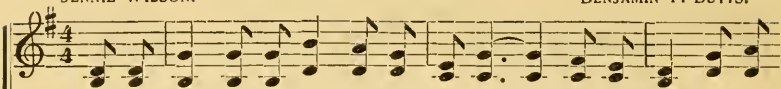


keep thyself wholly in his loving hand, And none of these things can harm thee.

24 The Country to Which I am Going.

JENNIE WILSON.

BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



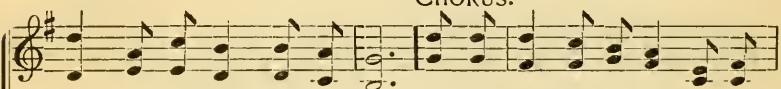
1. I am now on the way to my home-land, And sometimes there are
2. In that land is found nothing un - ho - ly, And there fall - eth no
3. On the banks of the beau - ti - ful riv - er, Where the ran - somed for



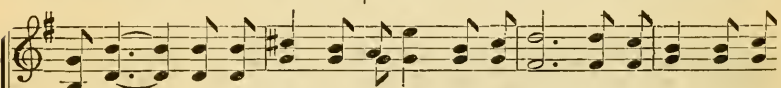
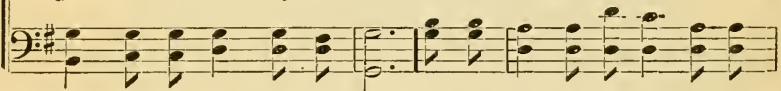
tri - als to bear, But the coun - try to which I am go - ing Will be
shadows of night; Ev'ry scene glows with ra - di - ant brightness, For the
a - ges have trod, I shall walk in the gladness and free - dom Of the



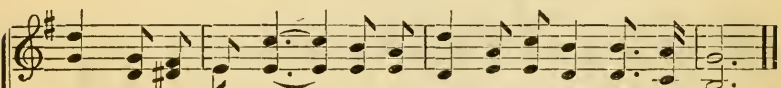
CHORUS.



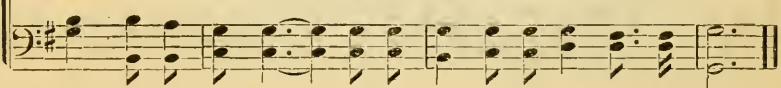
free from all sor - row and care.
face of the Lord is its light. Oh, the coun - try to which I am
glo - ri - ous coun - try of God.



go - ing Is more fair than can ev - er be told; But, redeemed thro' the

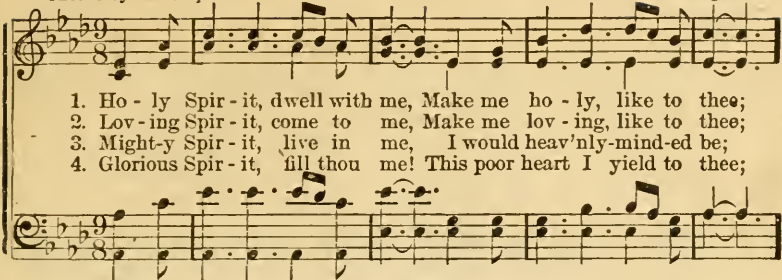


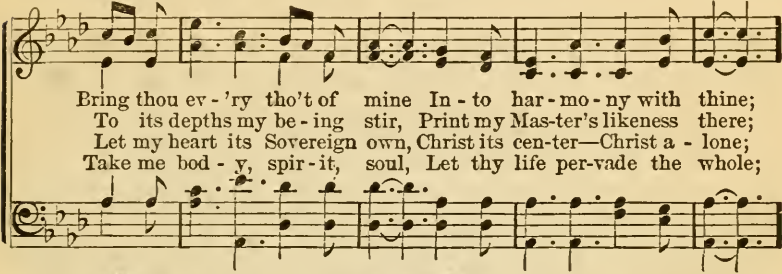
mer - cy of Je - sus, All its won - ders I soon shall be - hold.



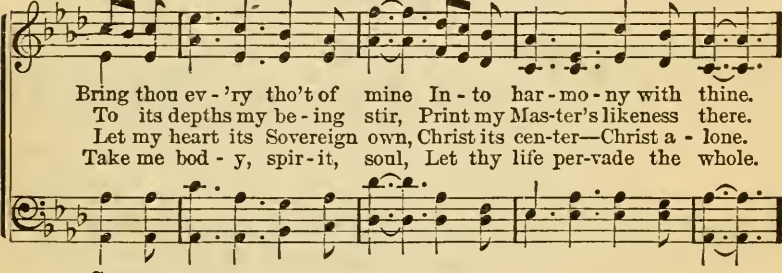
Chorus by E. A. H.

Arranged.

- 
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell with me, Make me ho - ly, like to thee;
 2. Lov - ing Spir - it, come to me, Make me lov - ing, like to thee;
 3. Might - y Spir - it, live in me, I would heav'nly-mind-ed be;
 4. Glorious Spir - it, fill thou me! This poor heart I yield to thee;

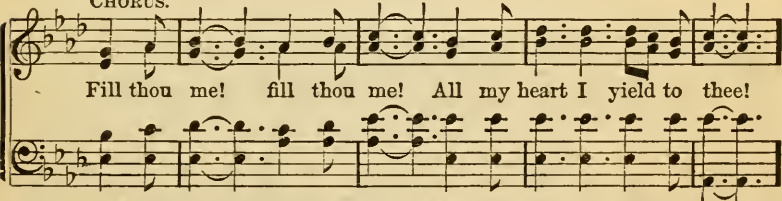


Bring thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with thine;
 To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas - ter's likeness there;
 Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen - ter—Christ a - lone;
 Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let thy life per - vade the whole;

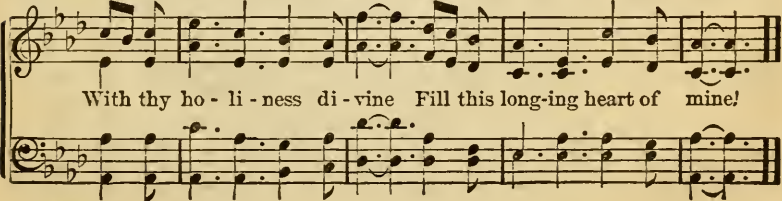


Bring thou ev - 'ry tho't of mine In - to har - mo - ny with thine.
 To its depths my be - ing stir, Print my Mas - ter's likeness there.
 Let my heart its Sovereign own, Christ its cen - ter—Christ a - lone.
 Take me bod - y, spir - it, soul, Let thy life per - vade the whole.

CHORUS.



Fill thou me! fill thou me! All my heart I yield to thee!



With thy ho - li - ness di - vine Fill this long - ing heart of mine!

ELIHA A. HOFFMAN.

BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.

1. This is so won - der - ful, Je - sus now loves me, That he will
 2. This is so won - der - ful, Je - sus now helps me All of my
 3. This is so won - der - ful, he walks be - side me, And with his
 4. This is so won - der - ful, he will not leave me, But to his
 5. This is so won - der - ful, far up in heav - en He has pre-

be to me ev - er a Friend; This is so won - der - ful,
 jour - ney thro' as I have need; This is so won - der - ful,
 un - err - ing hand he doth guide; My soul he sat - is - fies
 cov - e - nant he will be true; This is so won - der - ful,
 pared for his loved ones a place; This is so won - der - ful,

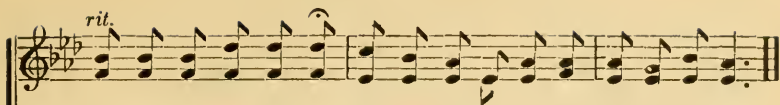
from sin he saves me, And with his presence my steps will at - tend.
 that he for - gives me, And proves a Sav - ior and Help - er in - deed.
 in its deep longings, And dai - ly does for me man - na pro - vide.
 his grace will keep me, And with new pow - er my soul will en - due.

CHORUS.

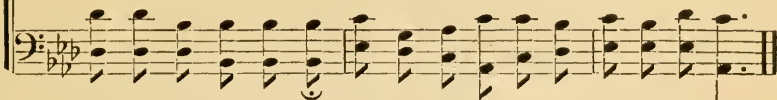
It is so won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful, That he his

love should be - stow up - on me; This is so won - der - ful,

So Wonderful.



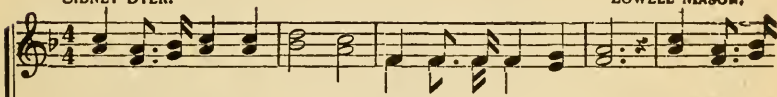
won-der-ful, won-der-ful That he should die for my soul on the tree.



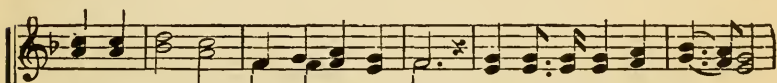
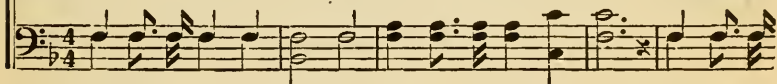
27 Work, for the Night is Coming.

SIDNEY DYER.

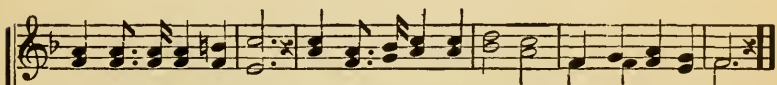
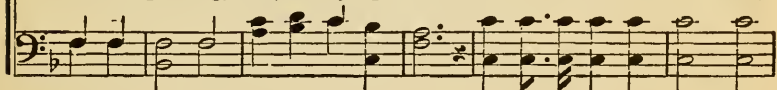
LOWELL MASON.



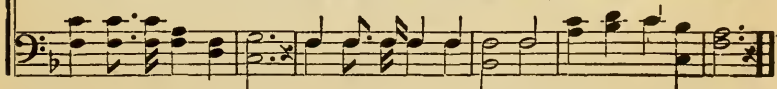
1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
2. 'Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un - der the sun-set skies; While their bright



dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,
hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute,
tints are glowing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fadeth,



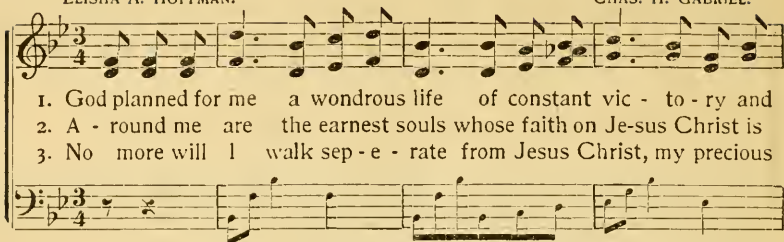
Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.



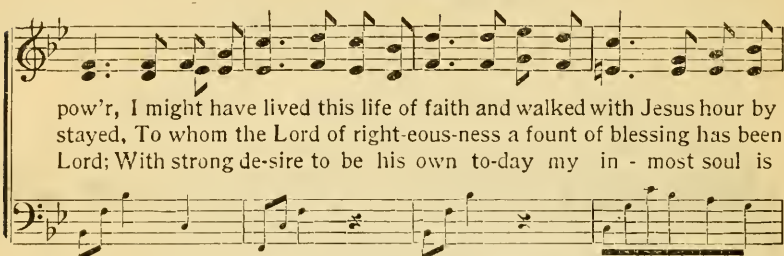
The Spirit-Touched Soul.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

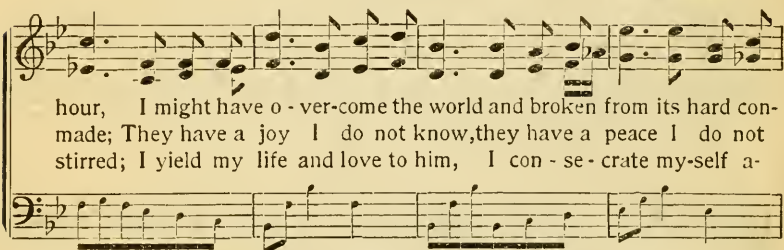
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



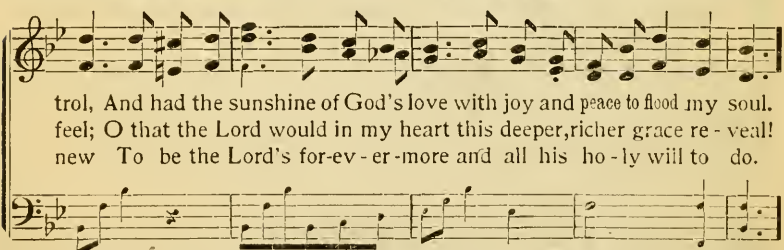
1. God planned for me a wondrous life of constant vic - to - ry and
 2. A - round me are the earnest souls whose faith on Je - sus Christ is
 3. No more will I walk sep - e - rate from Jesus Christ, my precious



pow'r, I might have lived this life of faith and walked with Jesus hour by
 stayed, To whom the Lord of right - eous - ness a fount of blessing has been
 Lord; With strong de - sire to be his own to - day my in - most soul is

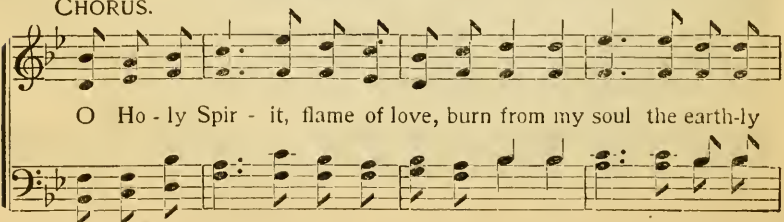


hour, I might have o - ver - come the world and broken from its hard con -
 made; They have a joy I do not know, they have a peace I do not
 stirred; I yield my life and love to him, I con - se - crate my - self a -



trol, And had the sunshine of God's love with joy and peace to flood my soul.
 feel; O that the Lord would in my heart this deeper, richer grace re - veal!
 new To be the Lord's for - ev - er - more and all his ho - ly will to do.

CHORUS.



O Ho - ly Spir - it, flame of love, burn from my soul the earth - ly

The Spirit-Touched Soul.

dross, Let self and sin be mor - ti - fied and nailed to Je - sus'
 cross, Po-ssess my heart, con-trol my life, in-spire my will, and make me
 pure, Thus, heaven-touched and cleansed with fire, in faith may I en-dure!

29

Come, Thou Fount.

R. ROBINSON.

Tune—Nettleton.

1. { Come, thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }
 D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy re-deem-ing love.
 Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongue a-bove;

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come,
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home;
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my trembling heart to thee:
 Prone to wonder, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O, take and seal it:
 Seal it for thy courts above.

Stand Up for Christ!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.

1. Go for-ward to bat-tle, ye sol-diers of God, Go, sing-ing the
 2. Be ear-nest, be true to your-self and man-kind, Of dai - ly temp-
 3. Tho' dai - ly life's con-flict your spir-it may try, Go man-ful - ly

prais-es of Zi - on a - broad, Re - mem - ber, the cause of your
 ta - tions your share you will find; But strength shall be giv - en to
 for-ward, to fail is to die; Go, gird - ed with val - or, and

King is un-priced, Go for-ward to bat - tle and stand up for Christ!
 bat - tle with sin, Your Cap-tain will help you the vic - t'ry to win.
 courage, and strength, Your Captain's ap-prov-al will crown you at length.

CHORUS.

Stand up for Christ in pow'r and might, And gird you for the Christian fight;

Uphold his Word, obey his laws, Stand up for Christ, maintain his cause!

Seek the Perishing.

IDA RONYON FINLAY. Arr.
SOLO.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have ye looked for my sheep in the des-ert, For those who have missed their way?
 2. Have ye fold - ed in love to your bo-som The trembling, neg-lect - ed lamb?
 3. Have ye car - ried the pure, liv - ing wa - ter To some wea-ry and thirsting soul?
 4. Have ye stood by the sad and the wea - ry With cheer, in the hour of death,

REF.—Go ye out in the wide world and seek them, Earth's perishing, bring them in;

Have ye been in the wild and waste plac-es Where the lost and the wan-der-ing
 Have ye taught to the dear lit - tle lost one The sweet sound of the Good Shepherd's
 Have ye said to the sick and the wound-ed, "There's One who has grace to make
 To bring com - fort to hearts sor-row-strick-en, And to strengthen the feeb - le in

They are mine and I died on Cal - v'ry To re-deem and to save them from

stray? Have ye trodden the lone-ly path-way, The foul and the darksome street?
 name? Have ye searched for the poor and needy, No clothing, no home, no bread?
 whole!" Have ye told to my fainting chil-dren How strong is the Fa-ther's hand?
 faith? Have ye felt when ye saw the glo - ry Stream in thro' the o - pen door,

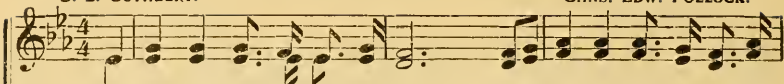
sin.

Ye may see, as ye tread the gloam-ing The print of my wound-ed feet.
 O, the dear Son of Man was with them, With no-where to lay his head!
 Are ye guid - ing the tot-t'ring foot-steps To yon-der fair "Gold-en Land?"
 Flitting sun - light a - cross the shad-ows, That I had been there be - fore?

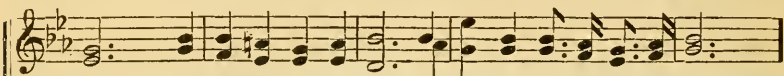
Jesus at the Door.

S. L. CUTHBERT.

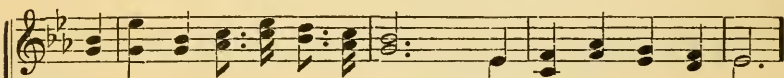
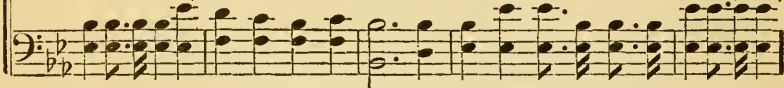
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. The Sav-ior, stand-ing at thy door, Is knocking, knocking, o'er and
 2. A - rise! take down the bars of sin, And let the lov-ing Sav-ior
 3. Oh! when he en - ters to thy heart His light and love shall ne'er de-
 4. But is he yet be - fore thy door, Or does he wait and call no
 at thy door.



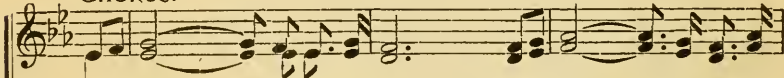
o'er, He seeks thy guest to be, But should the door still closed remain,
 in, Make him thy welcome guest. He'll give thee of his richest grace,
 part, But on thee ev-er shine. And this thy joyous song shall be,
 more, Where all is closed and fast? The lamp of life may cease to burn,
 o'er and o'er, closed remain,



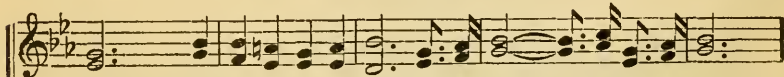
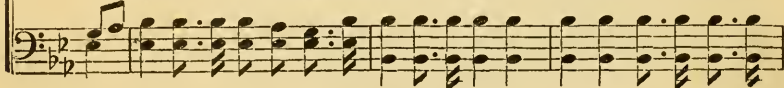
The Lord may nev-er call a - gain, Then what be-comes of thee?
 He'll make thy home his dwelling place, And with thee ev - er rest.
 "My Savior comes to dwell with me, And he is ev - er mine!"
 And Je - sus nev-er-more re-turn, This call may be the last!



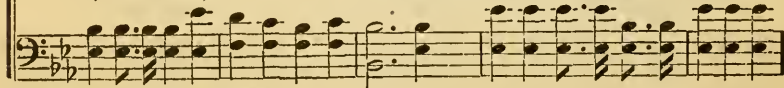
CHORUS.



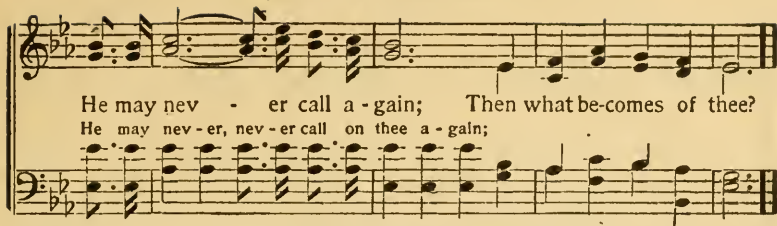
He's stand - ing at the door, Is knock - ing o'er and
 The Sav-ior is stand-ing at the door, at the door, Is knocking, knocking, o'er and



o'er; He seeks thy guest to be; Should the door still closed remain,
 o'er, o'er and o'er; But should the door still closed remain, remain,



Jesus at the Door.



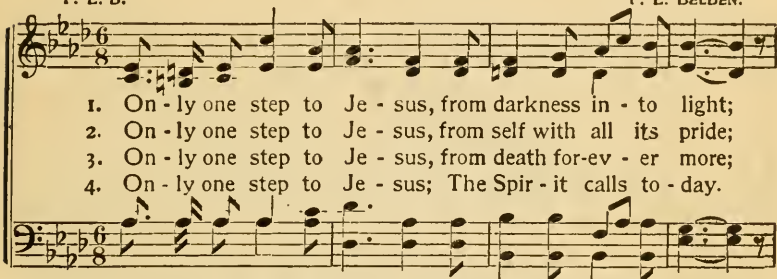
He may nev - er call a - gain; Then what be-comes of thee?
He may nev - er, nev - er call on thee a - gain;

33

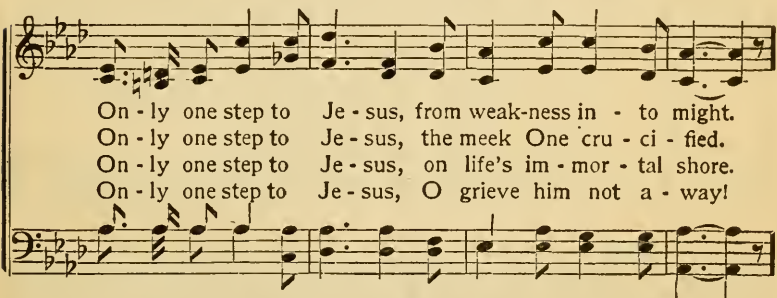
Only One Step.

F. E. B.

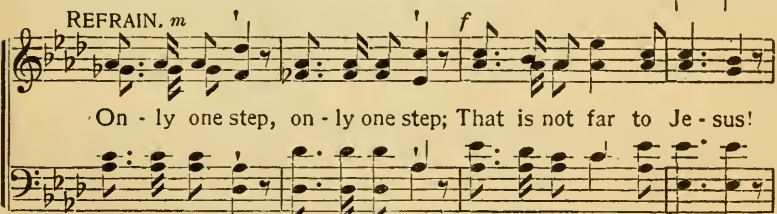
F. E. BELDEN.



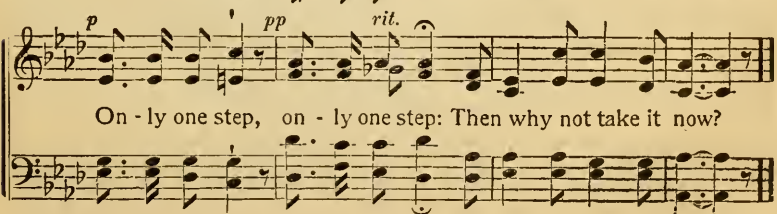
1. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from darkness in - to light;
2. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from self with all its pride;
3. On - ly one step to Je - sus, from death for-ev - er more;
4. On - ly one step to Je - sus; The Spir - it calls to - day.



On - ly one step to Je - sus, from weak-ness in - to might.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, the meek One cru - ci - fied.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, on life's im - mor - tal shore.
On - ly one step to Je - sus, O grieve him not a - way!



REFRAIN. *m*
On - ly one step, on - ly one step; That is not far to Je - sus!



p On - ly one step, *pp* on - ly one step: *rit.* Then why not take it now?

E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. POST.

1. O to set the world re-joic-ing ev-'ry day! O to scat-ter
 2. O to pluck from thorny paths a weed or two, By some lit-tle
 3. O to give a kind-ly word, a look of cheer! O to whisp-er

brightest ros-es in the way! O to bring to all the year the
 friend-ly deed that we may do! O to point a-bove the clouds to
 of the lov-ing Friend so near! O to bring Love's ev-er-last-ing

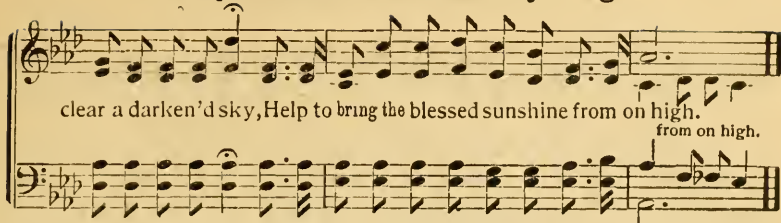
smiles of May! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
 heav-en's blue! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.
 king-dom here! We can do it, we can do it, if we try.

CHORUS.

We can do it if we try, you and I, you and I, When up-on the gracious

Sav-ior we re-ly; we re-ly; Help to set the world re-joic-ing, help to

Help to Set the World Rejoicing.



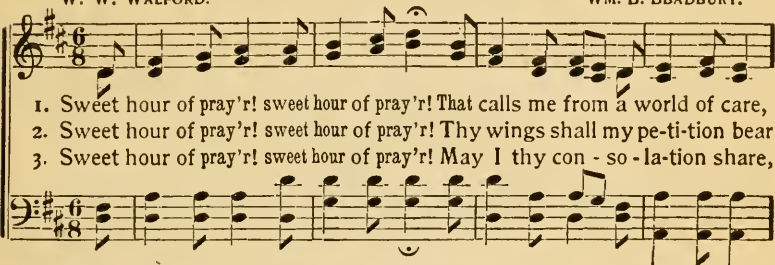
clear a darken'd sky, Help to bring the blessed sunshine from on high.
from on high.

35

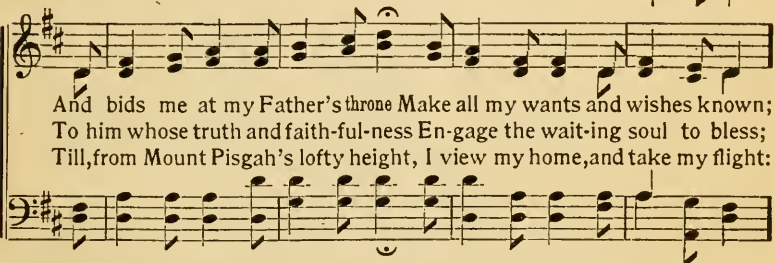
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WOLFORD.

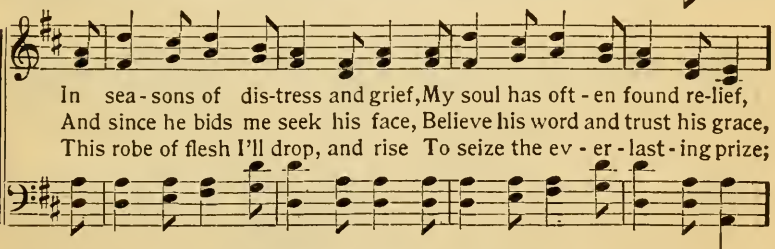
WM. B. BBADBURY.



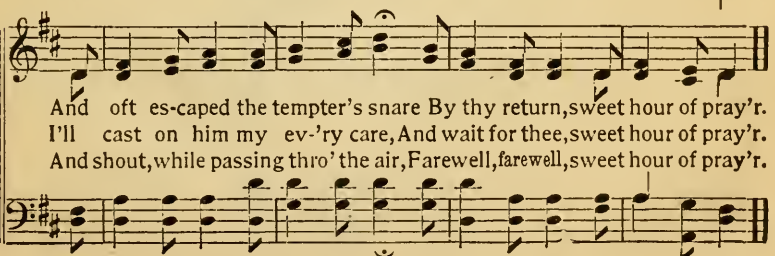
1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la-tion share,



And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
To him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home, and take my flight:



In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re-lief,
And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word and trust his grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;



And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

E. A. II

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Chris-tian, gird the ar-mor on, There's a vic-t'ry to be won
 2. Let his ban-ner be un-furl'd Till it waves o'er all the world,
 3. When the bat-tle shall be done, And the vic-to-ry be won,
 4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues employ,

For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the hel-met, sword and shield,
 Sea to sea, shore to shore; Till the na-tions all shall own
 Con-flict past, con-flict past; In the new Je-ru-sa-lem
 More and more, more and more; We shall stand be-fore the King,

Forth un-to the bat-tle-field At his word, at his word.
 He is King, and he a-lone, Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.
 We shall wear a di-a-dem At the last, at the last.
 And the song of tri-umph sing Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.

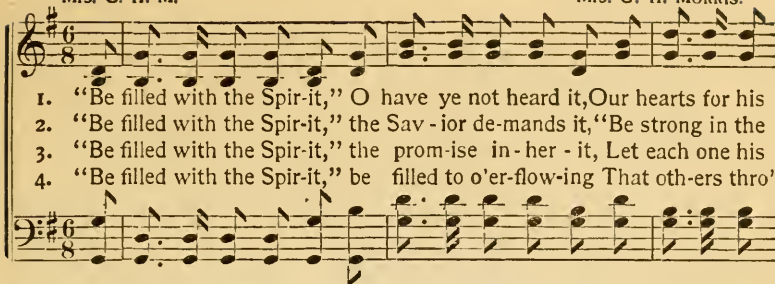
CHORUS.

{ On we'll march to vic-to-ry, Je-sus will our lead-er
 { On we'll march to vic-to-ry, To a fi-nal and a
 On we'll march to vic-to-ry,

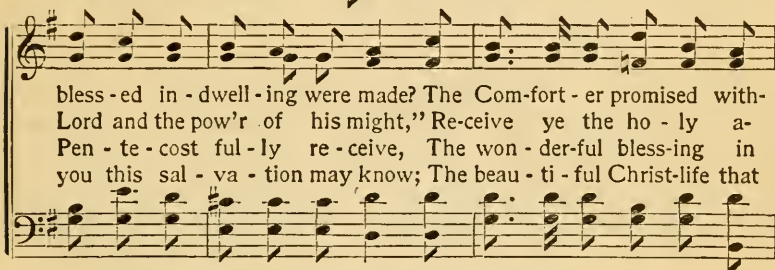
1 be, Je-sus will our lead-er be; }
 (Omit.) } glo-rious vic-to-ry.
 2

Mrs. C. H. M.

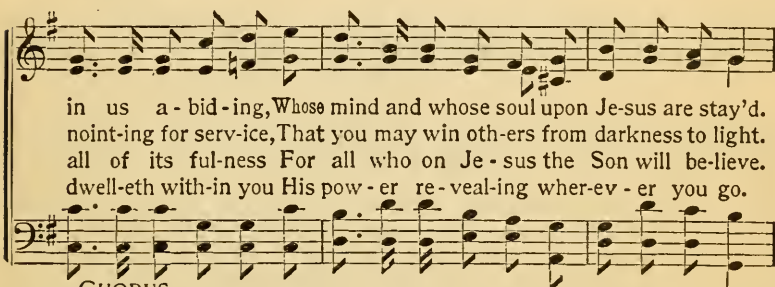
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. "Be filled with the Spir-it," O have ye not heard it, Our hearts for his
 2. "Be filled with the Spir-it," the Sav-ior de-mands it, "Be strong in the
 3. "Be filled with the Spir-it," the prom-ise in-her-it, Let each one his
 4. "Be filled with the Spir-it," be filled to o'er-flow-ing That oth-ers thro'

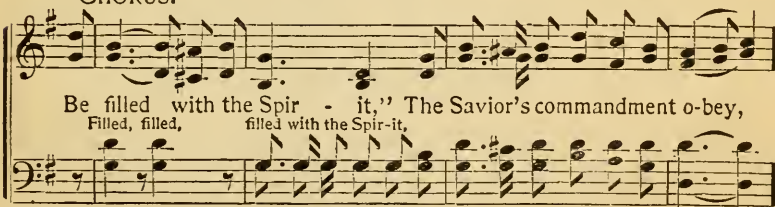


bless-ed in-dwell-ing were made? The Com-fort-er promised with-
 Lord and the pow'r of his might," Re-ceive ye the ho-ly a-
 Pen-te-cost ful-ly re-ceive, The won-der-ful bless-ing in
 you this sal-va-tion may know; The beau-ti-ful Christ-life that



in us a-bid-ing, Whose mind and whose soul upon Je-sus are stay'd.
 noint-ing for serv-ice, That you may win oth-ers from darkness to light.
 all of its ful-ness For all who on Je-sus the Son will be-lieve.
 dwell-eth with-in you His pow-er re-veal-ing wher-ev-er you go.

CHORUS.



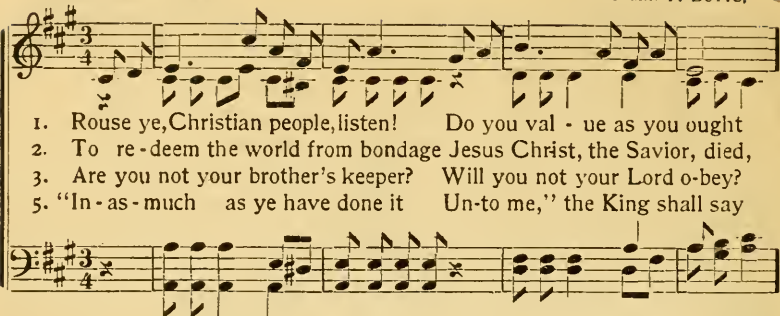
Be filled with the Spir - it," The Savior's commandment o-bey,
 Filled, filled, filled with the Spir-it,



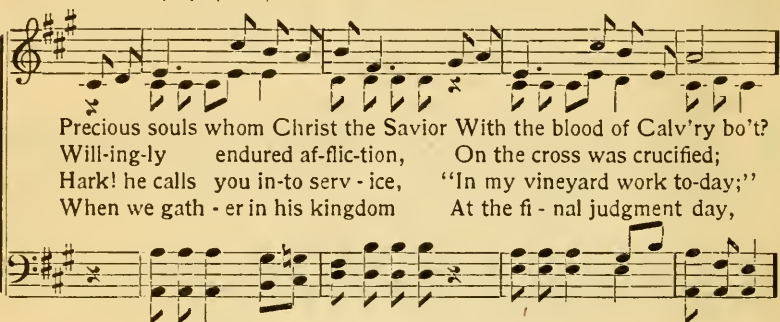
"Be filled with the Spir - it." Re-ceive ye the blessing to-day.
 Filled, filled, filled with the Spir-it, to-day.

LILLIE M. HADDEN.

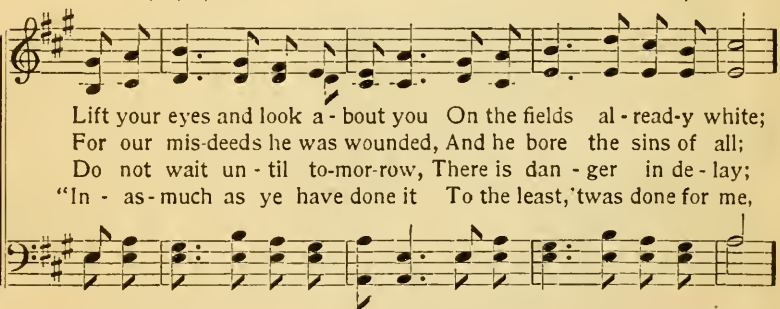
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS,



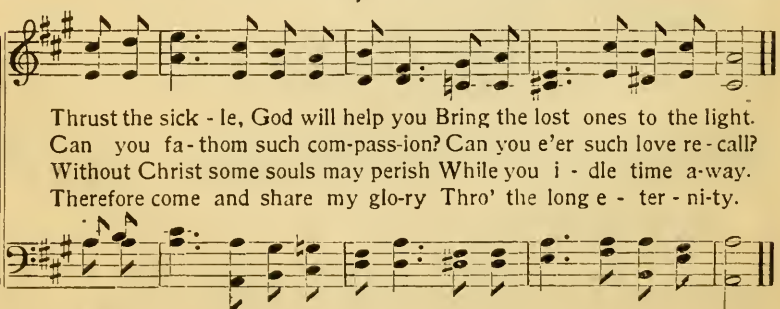
1. Rouse ye, Christian people, listen! Do you val - ue as you ought
 2. To re - deem the world from bondage Jesus Christ, the Savior, died,
 3. Are you not your brother's keeper? Will you not your Lord o-bey?
 5. "In - as - much as ye have done it Un-to me," the King shall say



Precious souls whom Christ the Savior With the blood of Calv'ry bo't
 Will-ing-ly endured af-flic-tion, On the cross was crucified;
 Hark! he calls you in-to serv - ice, "In my vineyard work to-day;"
 When we gath - er in his kingdom At the fi - nal judgment day,



Lift your eyes and look a - bout you On the fields al - read-y white;
 For our mis-deeds he was wounded, And he bore the sins of all;
 Do not wait un - til to-mor-row, There is dan - ger in de - lay;
 "In - as - much as ye have done it To the least, 'twas done for me,



Thrust the sick - le, God will help you Bring the lost ones to the light.
 Can you fa - thom such com-pass-ion? Can you e'er such love re - call?
 Without Christ some souls may perish While you i - dle time a-way.
 Therefore come and share my glo-ry Thro' the long e - ter - ni-ty.

Quit You Like Men.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Be strong to toil in the vineyard wide, And in the serv-ice of
 2. Be strong to take up your dai - ly cross, And bear for Christ a - ny
 3. Be strong to bat - tle a - gainst all sin, The foes with - out and the
 4. Be brave and faithful, and cour-age take; Nev - er, no, nev - er your

Christ a - bide; A rich re - ward you at last shall win,
 pain or loss, Un - til, the bur - dens of life laid down,
 foes with - in; Con - quer by faith in the cleans - ing blood,
 Lord for - sake; Fight till the con - flict on earth is done;

CHORUS.

When all the sheaves shall be gath - ered in.
 Je - sus shall give you a fade - less crown.
 Con - quer the world by the help of God. } Quit you like men, be
 Fight till the vic - t'ry thro' Christ is won.

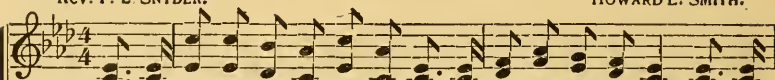
strong! The fight may be fierce and long, But in God's
 Be strong! ver - y long,

strength we shall win at length; Then quit you like men, be strong!
 be strong!

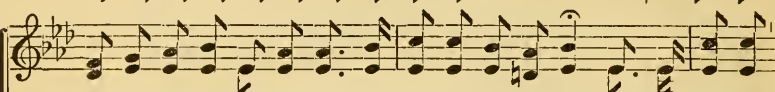
When the Blessing Comes.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

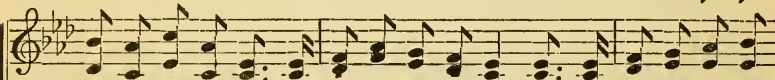
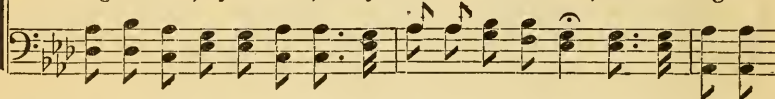
HOWARD E. SMITH.



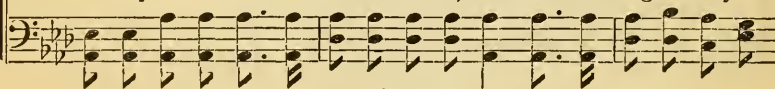
1. Burden'd soul, for pardon seeking at the feet of Him who died, Safely
2. Pen - i - tent, now lowly bowing at the Savior's sacred feet, Hear Him
3. Seeker, do not grow discouraged nor let doubts disturb your mind, For the
4. Firmly cling to Christ, the Savior, He is ev - er ver - y near, There is



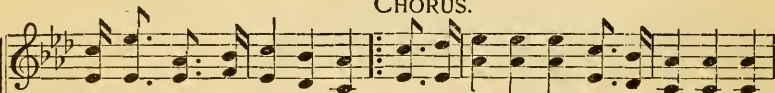
shelter'd, neath His mercy where no e-vil can be-tide, Nev-er doubt His saying: "Come, O, sinner, I will give you pardon sweet!" O then trust Him, Sav-ior's full of mer-cy, O, He is so ver - y kind! He will come in naught at all, my brother, that you ev-er need to fear; Just leave go of



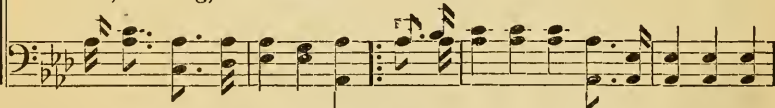
loving kindness, He will hear your pleading voice, When the blessing comes you'll ful - ly trust Him, then will dawn salvation's day! When the blessing comes you'll mighty power, He will save you from your sin; When the blessing comes you'll all a-bout you and take Jesus at His word, When the blessing comes you'll



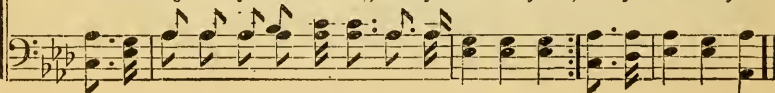
CHORUS.



know it, and you will rejoice.
know it, "Praise the Lord!" you'll say. And you will rejoice, and you will rejoice,
know it, that He dwells within.
know it, shouting, "Praise the Lord?"



When the blessing comes you'll know it, and you will rejoice, and you will rejoice.



My Savior is Dearest of All.

LOTTA B. WHITE. Arr.

BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.

1. I have a dear Friend who is pre-cious to me, On whom in all
 2. He comforts in sor-row, he calms in the storm, He an-swers the
 3. In times of af-flic-tion, in mo-ments of grief, Or when painful
 4. Among the dear friends whom I love and es-teem, Of all the kind

need I may call, And who, since his love is so pure and so true, To
 heart's faintest call; And so, in his friendship and love un-to me, My
 tri-als be-fall, He then is my ref-uge for com-fort and help, For
 friends I re-call, Not one can compare with this friend of all friends, My

CHORUS.

me is the best Friend of all.
 Sav-ior is dear-est of all. His love, it has nev-er, no, nev-er been
 he is the dear-est of all.
 Sav-ior is dear-est of all.

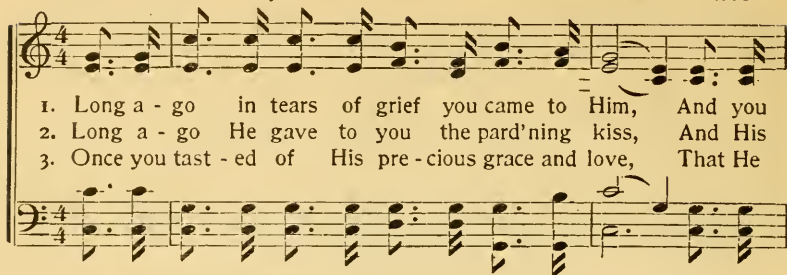
told, So won-der-ful, boundless, and free; The one in ten

thousand, the dear-est of all Is Je-sus my Sav-ior to me.

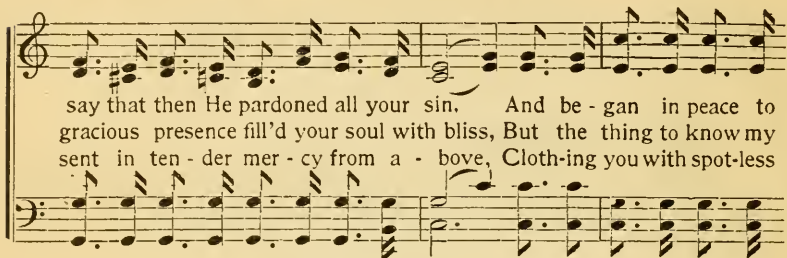
42 Is He Dwelling in Your Heart Just Now?

Rev. F. L. SNYDER. *Not fast.*

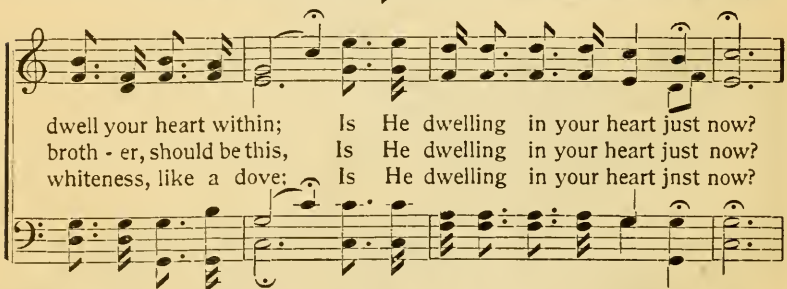
GEO. E. MYERS.



1. Long a - go in tears of grief you came to Him, And you
2. Long a - go He gave to you the pard'ning kiss, And His
3. Once you tast - ed of His pre - cious grace and love, That He

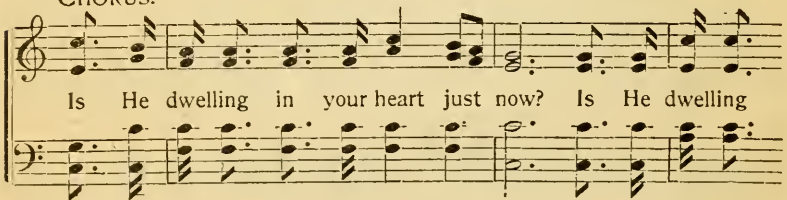


say that then He pardoned all your sin. And be - gan in peace to
gracious presence fill'd your soul with bliss, But the thing to know my
sent in ten - der mer - cy from a - bove, Cloth - ing you with spot - less

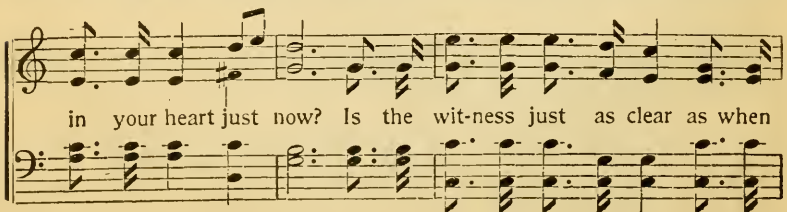


dwell your heart within; Is He dwelling in your heart just now?
broth - er, should be this, Is He dwelling in your heart just now?
whiteness, like a dove; Is He dwelling in your heart jnst now?

CHORUS.



Is He dwelling in your heart just now? Is He dwelling



in your heart just now? Is the wit - ness just as clear as when

Is He Dwelling in Your Heart Just Now?

first the Lord drew near, That He's dwelling in your heart just now.

43 Come, Ye that are Weary.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

Arr.

1. Come un - to Je - sus, ye that will, Who la - bor and are sad;
2. Come ye whose guilt has heavy grown, Whose sins like mountains rise,
3. Come, wea - ry, heav - y - la - den soul, And seek the Sav - ior's face;
4. Come, weak, and faint, and trembling one, Your head lay on His breast;

He will your ma - ny bur - dens share, And make your spir - it glad.
 And plead the mer - cy of - fered you With cries that pierce the skies.
 He'll not with - hold the help - ing hand, But give you need - ed grace.
 He, in the strength of His great love, Will give your spir - it rest.

CHORUS.

Come, ye that are wea - ry, come, Come with your sins to - day,

And lay them all at Je - sus feet; He'll take them all a - way.

Are You Helping Somewhere?

F. S. SHEPARD.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Are you helping somewhere in this world of woe, That its heav - y
 2. Are you helping somewhere in this world of care? Do you with your
 3. Are you helping somewhere in this world of sin? Do you seek the

burdens may the light - er grow? Is your life a bless - ing where - so -
 broth - er pain and sor - row share? You will find your burdens light - er
 err - ing feet to gath - er in? You may precious treasures for the

CHORUS.

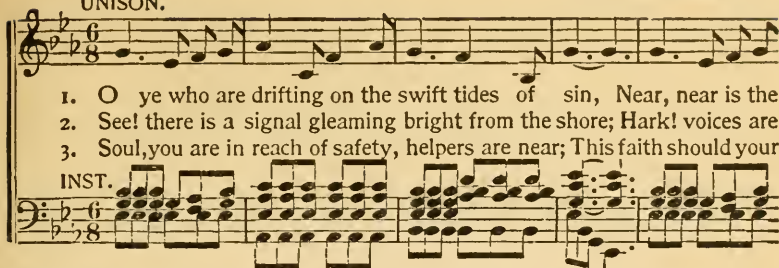
e'er you go? Love and help are needed ev-'ry-where.
 far to bear, While you're helping others an-y-where. Love and help are needed
 Mas-ter win By your faithful service ev-'ry-where. ev-'ry-

ev-'ry-where, In the homes of sorrow, in the homes of care; Are some hearts the
 where, ev-'ry-where.

happier for your living here below? Do you scatter sunshine where-so-e'er you go?

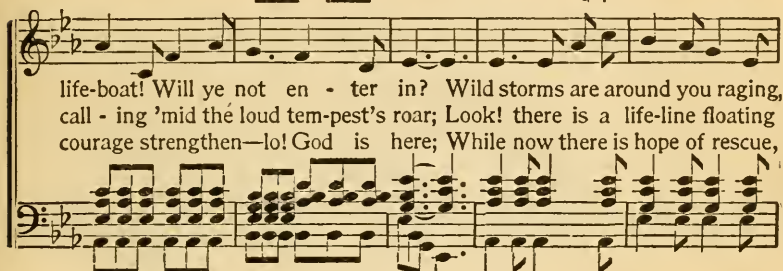
E. A. H.
UNISON.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

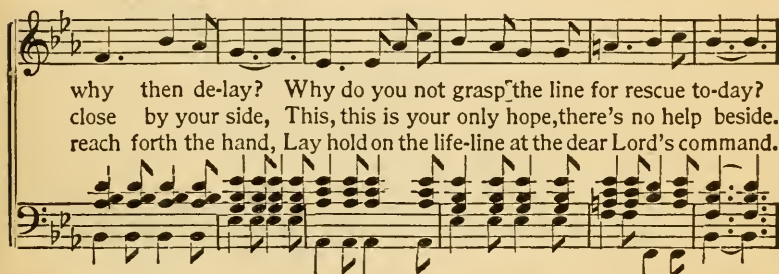


1. O ye who are drifting on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the
 2. See! there is a signal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voices are
 3. Soul, you are in reach of safety, helpers are near; This faith should your

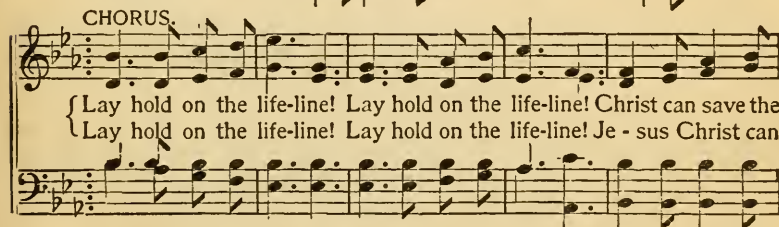
INST.



life-boat! Will ye not en - ter in? Wild storms are around you raging,
 call - ing 'mid the loud tem-pest's roar; Look! there is a life-line floating
 courage strengthen—lo! God is here; While now there is hope of rescue,

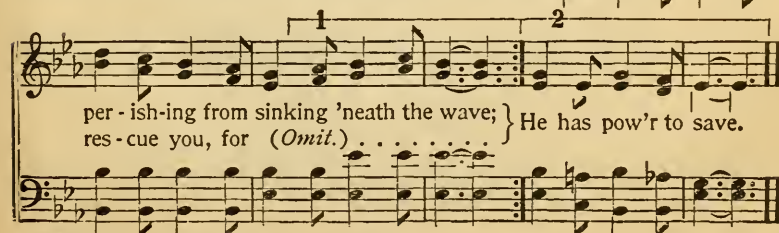


why then de-lay? Why do you not grasp the line for rescue to-day?
 close by your side, This, this is your only hope, there's no help beside.
 reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.



CHORUS.

{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Christ can save the
 { Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Je - sus Christ can

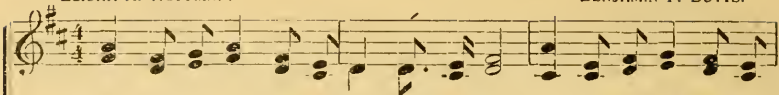


per - ish-ing from sinking 'neath the wave; } He has pow'r to save.
 res - cue you, for (*Omit.*)

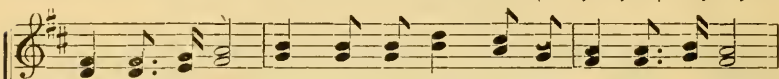
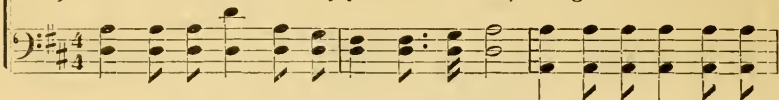
Purer and Purer, Dear Lord.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

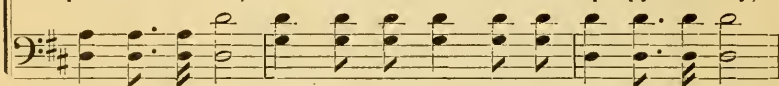
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



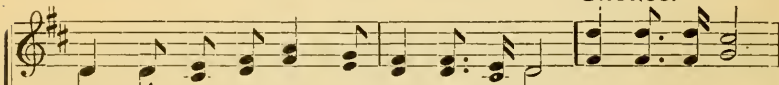
1. Pur - er and pur - er, dear Lord, I would be, From all my sin and im-
2. Ho - li - er, Lord, and from world-li-ness free, Bearing the seal of thy
3. Pure as the saints in thy pres-ence a-bove, Stronger in faith and more



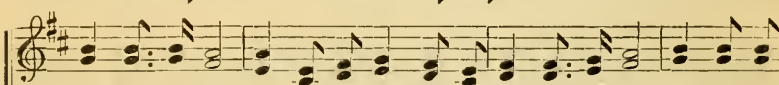
pu - ri - ty free, Cleansed from cor - rup - tion, from dross, and from stain
grace up - on me, Hav - ing thy love in its ful - ness com - plete,
per - fect in love, Sealed and a - noint - ed and hap - py al - way,



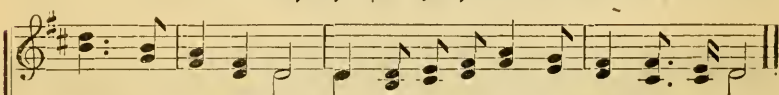
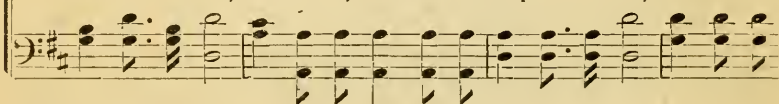
CHORUS.



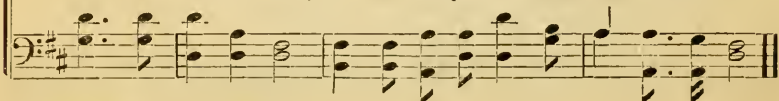
Till not a spot or a wrin - le re - main.
This is the bless - ing I hum - bly en - treat. En - ter thou in,
This is the bless - ing I fer - vent - ly pray.



cleanse me from sin, Per-fect thy work of re-demp-tion in me; Seal and re-



fine this heart of mine, Pur - er and pur - er in love I would be.



"Amen" to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. My yield - ed heart says "yes" to Je - sus, "A -
 2. The strug - gle past, the bat - tle o - ver, Not
 3. "A - men," what - ev - er my con - di - tion, For
 4. "A - men," dear Lord, "A-men" for - ev - er, My

men" to all of his sweet will; This vain, vain world no longer
 mine, but thine a-lone to be; A love - slave to re-main for-
 sor - row's path thyself hast trod; And well I know these light af-
 all a - ban-doned un-to thee; Thy grace I know will fail me

pleas - es, But Christ doth all my vi - sion fill.
 ev - er, A cap - tive, yet than bird more free.
 flic - tions Are step-ping-stones which lead to God.
 nev - er; I'll be what thou wouldst have me be.

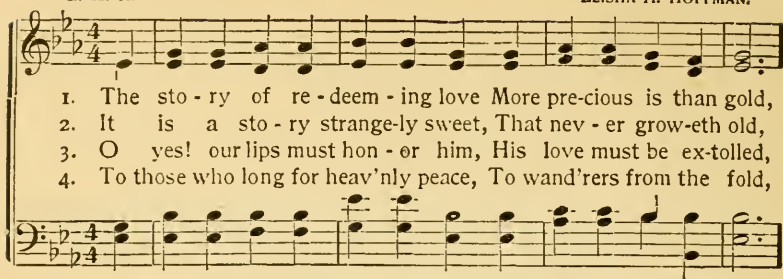
CHORUS.

I love thee, I love thee, My Life, my Light, my Star, my Sun; with

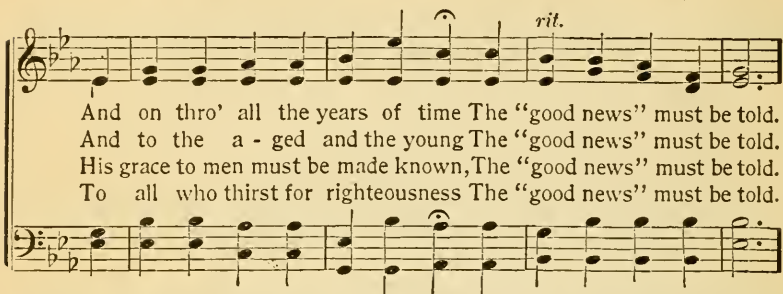
joy I haste to fol - low thee, For-ev-er-more "thy will be done."

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

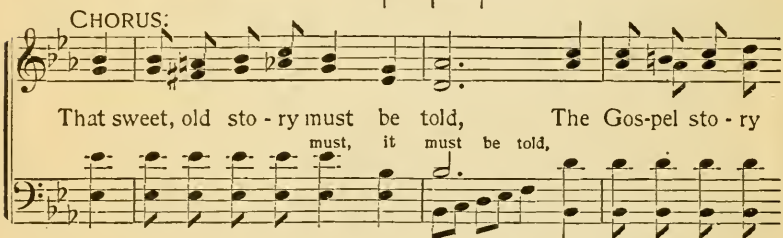


1. The sto - ry of re - deem - ing love More pre - cious is than gold,
 2. It is a sto - ry strange - ly sweet, That nev - er grow - eth old,
 3. O yes! our lips must hon - or him, His love must be ex - tolled,
 4. To those who long for heav'nly peace, To wand'ers from the fold,

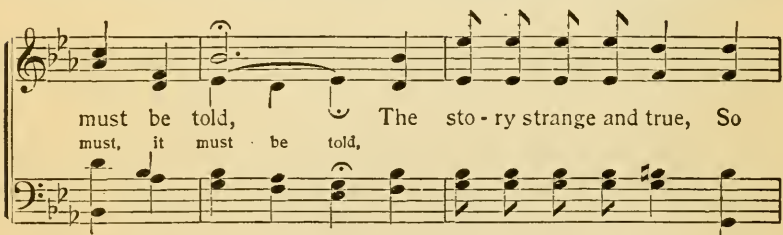


And on thro' all the years of time The "good news" must be told.
 And to the a - ged and the young The "good news" must be told.
 His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.
 To all who thirst for righteousness The "good news" must be told.

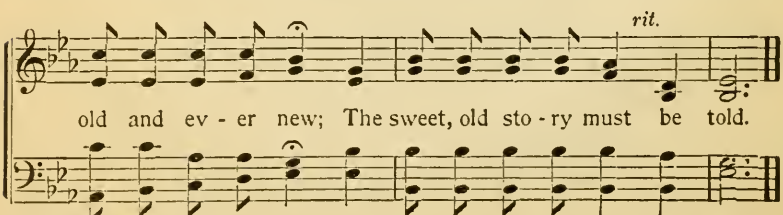
CHORUS:



That sweet, old sto - ry must be told, The Gos - pel sto - ry
 must, it must be told,



must be told, The sto - ry strange and true, So
 must, it must be told,



old and ev - er new; The sweet, old sto - ry must be told.

Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain Glo-rious mes-sage, clear and plain;
 2. "Seek and find," and "look and live;" Grace is free! pro-claim to all
 3. Years of sin con-demn us not, Pure be-fore the law we stand;
 4. He will take the sin - ful - est, Make the scar - let white and pure;
 5. In thy right-eous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest for-giv'n;

'Tis to - day the same as then, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Who the heav'n-ly pathway leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 Je - sus' blood removes each spot, Sat - is - fies its full de-mand.
 Come, and he will give you rest; Trust his word, for - ev - er sure.
 Self is lost in love di - vine, Death in life, and earth in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful word, O sweet re - frain! Christ re -
 Won - der - ful word, O sweet and glad re - frain!

ceives . . . sin-ful men . . . Message of mer - - - cy,
 Christ re-ceives O praise his name! Message of mer - cy.

clear and plain, — Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. . .
 clear and pure and plain, . . . praise his name! •

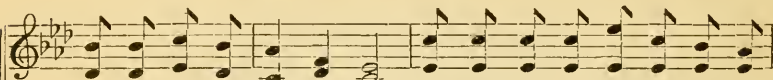
March On to Victory.

JENNIE WILSON.

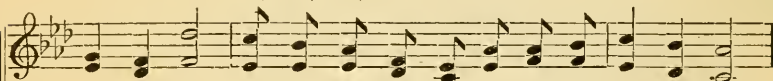
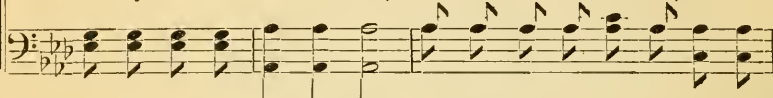
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



1. Marching forth to con-quer in the high-est name, Keeping step with
- 2 O - ver us the ban-ner of sal - va-tion streams, On its folds the
3. Let us nev - er fal - ter, nev - er turn a - side From the way of



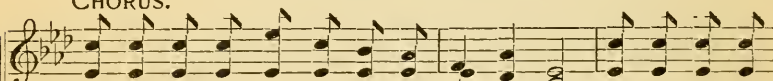
Je - sus we his prom - ise claim, Naught can o - ver - come us while we
glo - ry of Mount Calv'ry gleams; See, the ho - ly em - blem of the
du - ty what - so - e'er be - tide; Then when strife is end - ed, all our



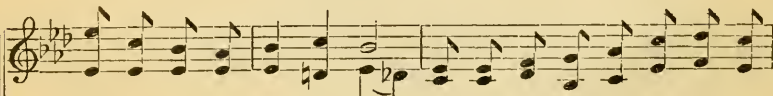
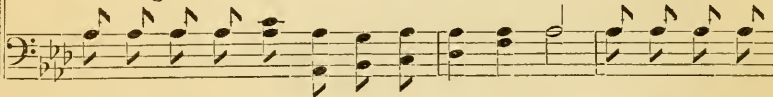
do his will, All his sa - cred or - ders seek - ing to ful - fill.
cross is there, With its light dis - pell - ing darkness and de - spair.
foes o'er - come, Sweet will be the rest - ing in our Sav - ior's home.



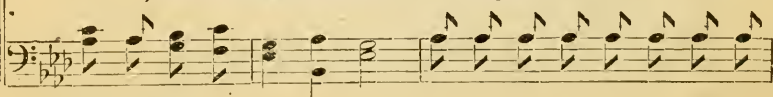
CHORUS.



Marching on to vic - t'ry, let our hearts be brave, Je - sus is our



Lead - er, he will bless and save; March - ing on to vic - t'ry, songs of



March On to Victory.

faith we'll sing, Till our shouts of triumph shall ex - ult - ant ring.

51

All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. E. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-ior say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and thine a-lone, Can change the
 3. For nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim, I'll wash my

CHORUS.

watch and pray Find in me thine all in all.
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
 garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

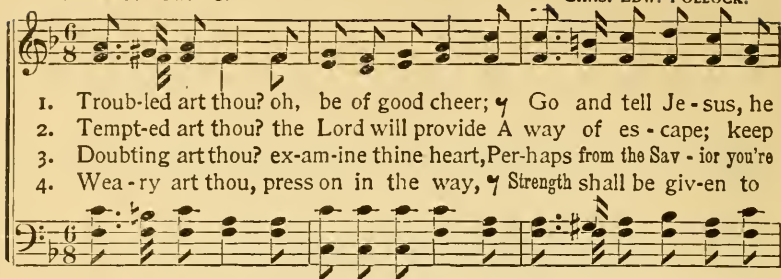
4 When from my dying bed
 My ransomed soul shall rise,
 Then "Jesus paid it all"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
 I stand in him complete,
 I'll lay my trophies down,
 All down at Jesus' feet.

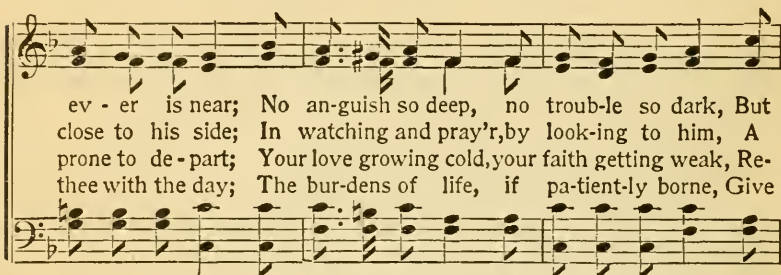
Go and Tell Jesus.

ABNER F. BOWLING.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

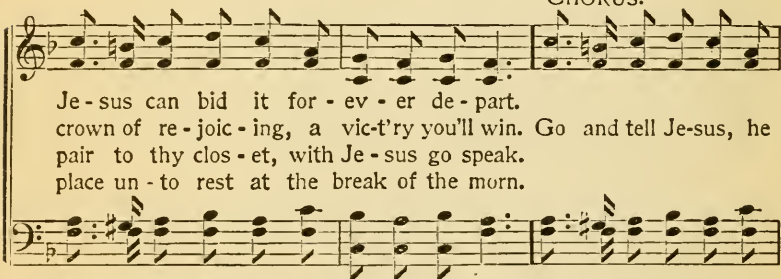


1. Troub-led art thou? oh, be of good cheer; ♪ Go and tell Je-sus, he
 2. Tempt-ed art thou? the Lord will provide A way of es-cape; keep
 3. Doubting art thou? ex-am-ine thine heart, Per-haps from the Sav-ior you're
 4. Wea-ry art thou, press on in the way, ♪ Strength shall be giv-en to

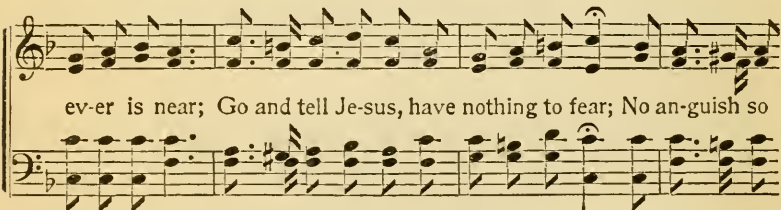


ev-er is near; No an-guish so deep, no troub-le so dark, But
 close to his side; In watching and pray'r, by look-ing to him, A
 prone to de-part; Your love growing cold, your faith getting weak, Re-
 thee with the day; The bur-dens of life, if pa-tient-ly borne, Give

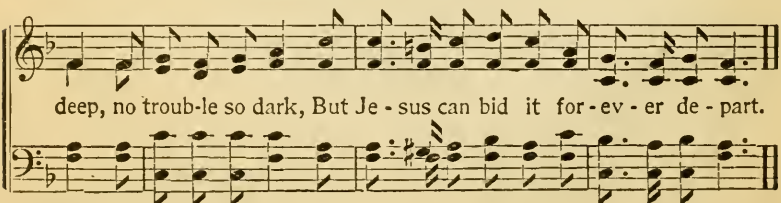
CHORUS.



Je-sus can bid it for-ev-er de-part.
 crown of re-joic-ing, a vic-t'ry you'll win. Go and tell Je-sus, he
 pair to thy clos-et, with Je-sus go speak.
 place un-to rest at the break of the morn.



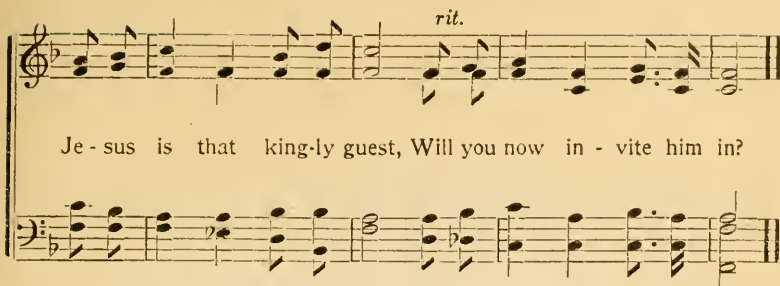
ev-er is near; Go and tell Je-sus, have nothing to fear; No an-guish so



deep, no troub-le so dark, But Je-sus can bid it for-ev-er de-part.

The Kingly Guest.

rit.



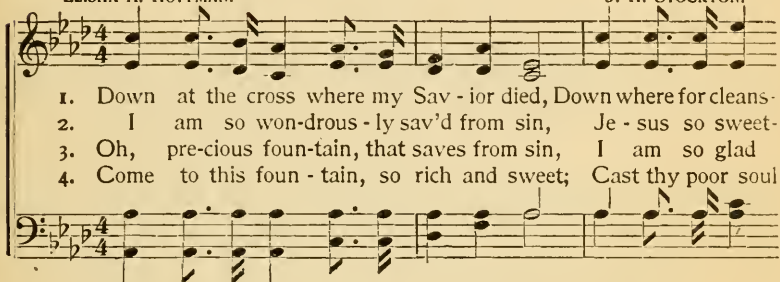
Je - sus is that king-ly guest, Will you now in - vite him in?

55

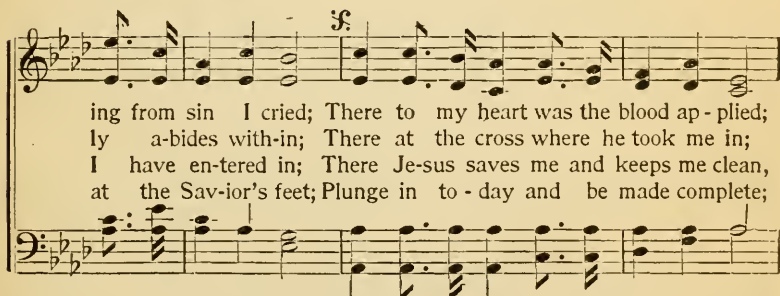
Glory to His Name.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. STOCKTON.



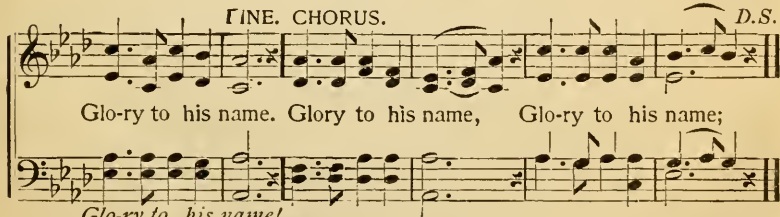
1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans -
 2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet -
 3. Oh, pre - cious foun - tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
 4. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul



ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
 ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where he took me in;
 I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
 at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day and be made complete;

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;

FINE. CHORUS.

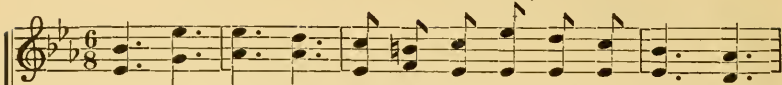


Glo - ry to his name. Glory to his name, Glo - ry to his name;
 Glo - ry to his name!

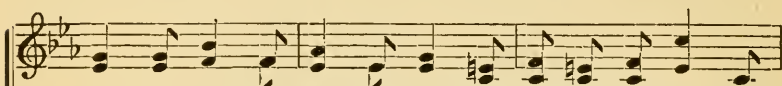
Used by per.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

Theme adapted, BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.




1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, hear me, oh, gra-cious - ly hear me,
 2. Je - sus, Sav - ior, grant thou my hum-ble pe - ti - tion,
 3. Je - sus, Sav - ior, while at thy cross I am kneel - ing,



Send thy love from heav'n a - bove, And ten - der - ly now draw
 While I bow be - fore thee now, In hum-ble and true con-
 Cleanse my soul, and make me whole, Thy pit - y - ing love re-

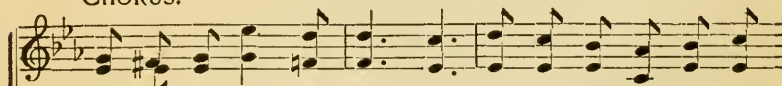


near me; Pre-cious Sav - ior, turn not a - way, I im - plore thee,
 tri - tion; Pre-cious Sav - ior, par - don my sin - ful trans-gres-sion;
 veal-ing; Pre-cious Sav - ior, ten - der - ly, gra-cious - ly bless me,



Hear me while I wait be-fore thee, Hear me, O Lord, I pray!
 Help me make my soul's con-fes-sion, Help me, O Lord, I pray!
 Let thy heav'n-ly peace pos-sess me, Bless me, O Lord, I pray!

CHORUS.



Je - sus, my Sav - ior calls me, Why should I long - er de-

Jesus, Savior, Hear Me.

cres.

lay? Here am I, O Lord! I cry, Ac - cept me, dear

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Sav - ior, as thine, to - day; Je - sus, Sav - ior,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

here at thy cross I am kneel - ing, Come, and now thy

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

love re - veal - ing, Take me, O Lord, I pray thee!

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the hymn. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

57

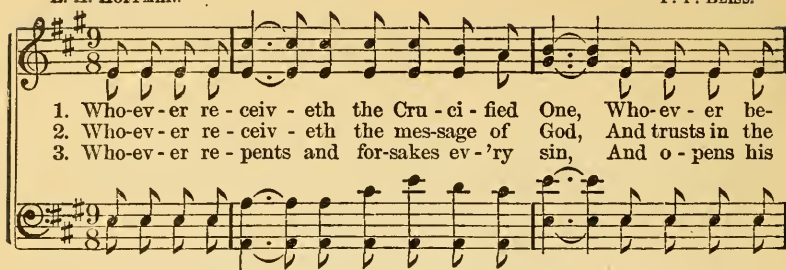
Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the begining, is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men.

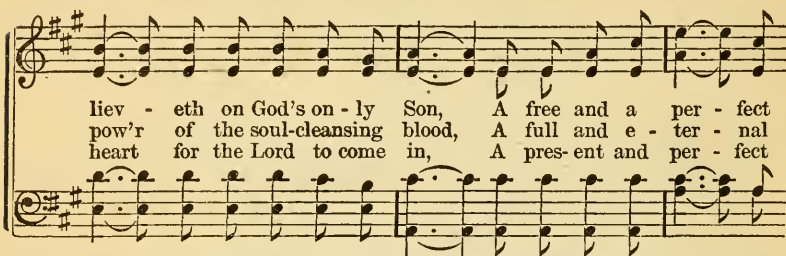
The musical notation for the Gloria Patri. It consists of a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

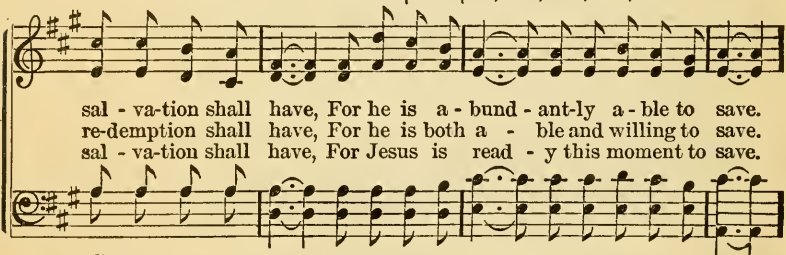
P. P. BLISS.



1. Who-ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who-ev - er be -
 2. Who-ev - er re - ceiv - eth the mes - sage of God, And trusts in the
 3. Who-ev - er re - pents and for - sakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his

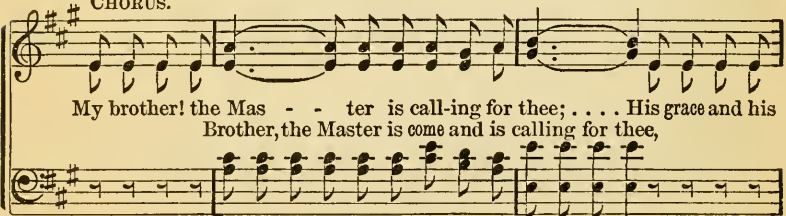


liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect
 pow'r of the soul - cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal
 heart for the Lord to come in, A pres - ent and per - fect

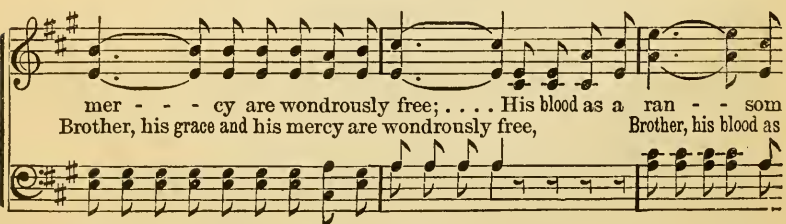


sal - va - tion shall have, For he is a - bund - ant - ly a - ble to save.
 re - demp - tion shall have, For he is both a - ble and willing to save.
 sal - va - tion shall have, For Jesus is read - y this moment to save.

CHORUS.

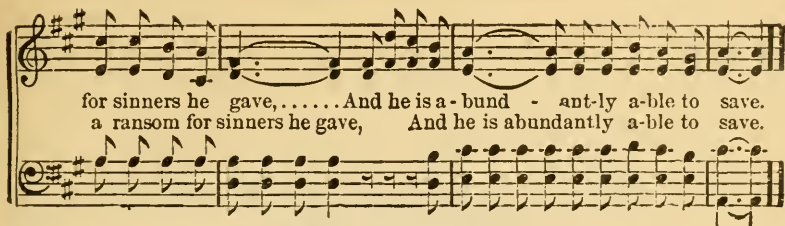


My brother! the Mas - - ter is call - ing for thee; . . . His grace and his
 Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee,



mer - - - cy are wondrously free; . . . His blood as a ran - - som
 Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free, Brother, his blood as

Abundantly Able to Save.



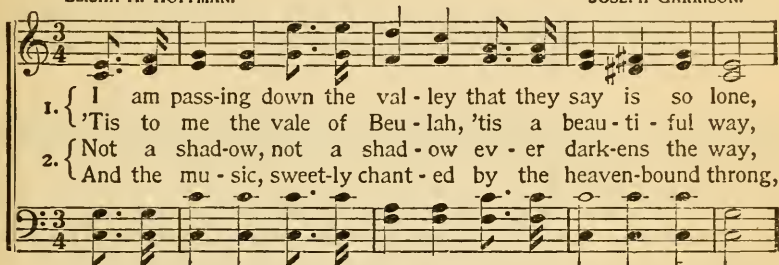
for sinners he gave, And he is a - bund - ant - ly a - ble to save.
a ransom for sinners he gave, And he is abundantly a - ble to save.

59

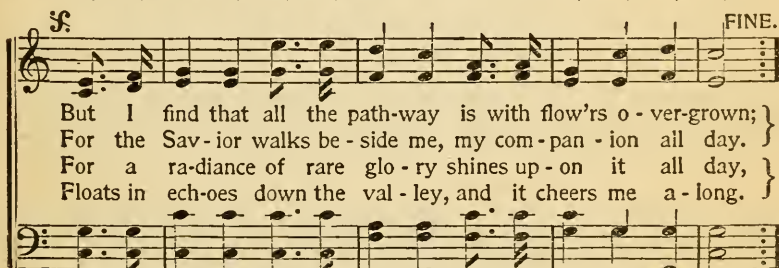
Vale of Beulah.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JOSEPH GARRISON.



1. { I am pass-ing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beau - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,
2. { Not a shad - ow, not a shad - ow ev - er dark - ens the way,
And the mu - sic, sweet - ly chant - ed by the heaven - bound throng,

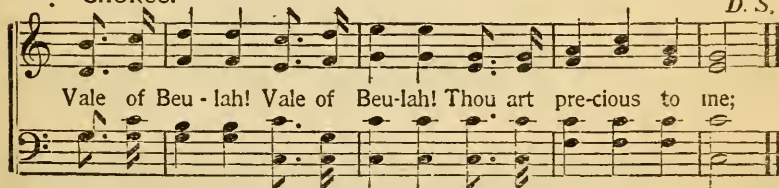


FINE.
But I find that all the path - way is with flow'rs o - ver - grown; }
For the Sav - ior walks be - side me, my com - pan - ion all day. }
For a ra - diance of rare glo - ry shines up - on it all day, }
Floats in ech - oes down the val - ley, and it cheers me a - long. }

D.S. - For the love - ly land of Ca - naan in the dis - tance I see.

CHORUS.

D. S.



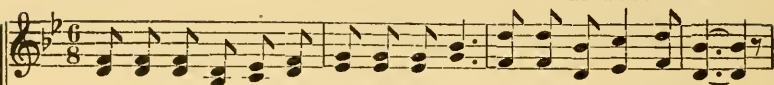
Vale of Beau - lah! Vale of Beau - lah! Thou art pre - cious to me;

- 3 Day by day I feel the presence of the dear Savior near,
And each moment fills with gladness as His kind voice I hear;
For He comforts and He helps me by the words that He saith,
And He kindles love within me, and He strengthens my faith.
- 4 So I journey with rejoicing t'ward the City of Light,
While each day my joy is deeper, and the path grows more bright,
And I near the open portals of the kingdom above,
For this highway leads to Canaan, to the kingdom of love.

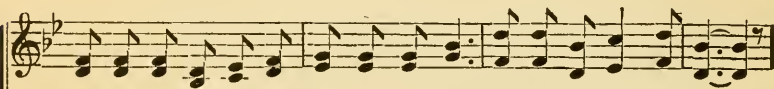
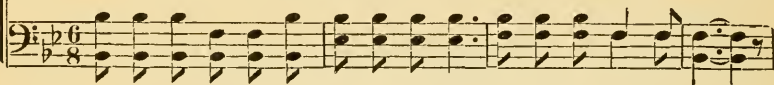
Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

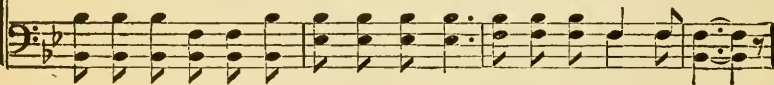
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



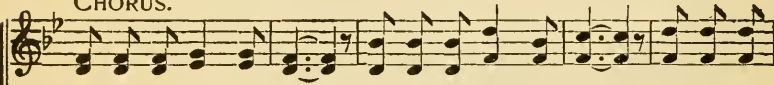
1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou dominion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Jesus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



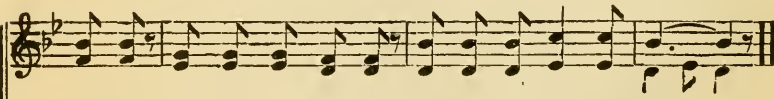
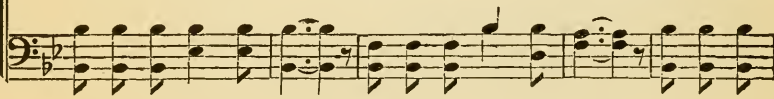
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does he each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made



ho - ly, hum-ble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?

of God?



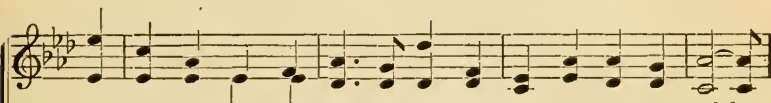
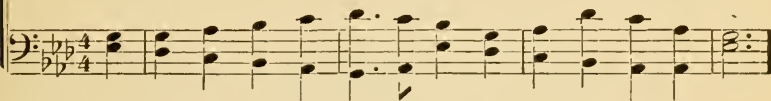
Bless and Magnify.

Psalm 103.

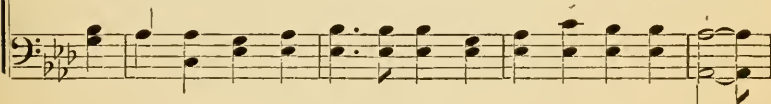
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



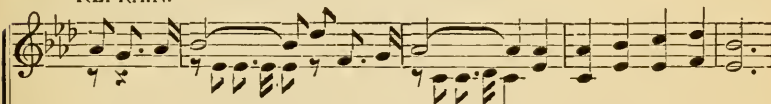
1. O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord, And all that in me is
2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for - get - ful be
3. All thine in - iq - ui - ties who doth Most gra-cious-ly for-give,
4. Who doth re-deem thy life that thou To death may'st not go down,



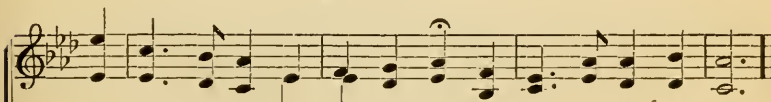
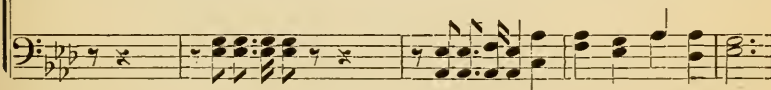
Be lift - ed up, his ho - ly name To mag - ni - fy and bless.
 Of all the gra-cious ben - e - fits He hath bestowed on thee.
 Who thy dis-eas-es all, and pains, Doth heal, and thee re-lieve.
 Who thee with lov-ing kindness doth, And ten - der mercies crown.



REFRAIN.



O bless the Lord . . . all ye his works . . . Which with the world is stored!
 O bless the Lord, all ye his works,

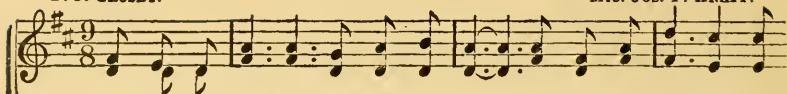


In His do - min - ion ev-'ry-where, My soul, bless thou the Lord.

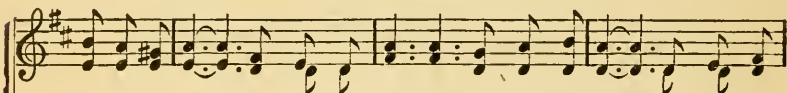
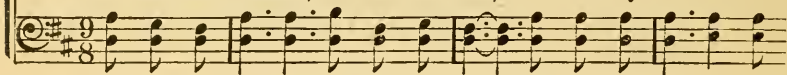


F. J. CROSBY.

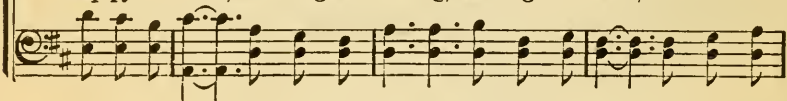
Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.



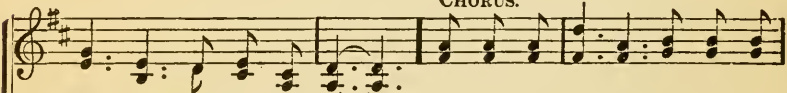
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am



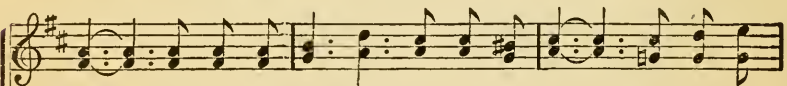
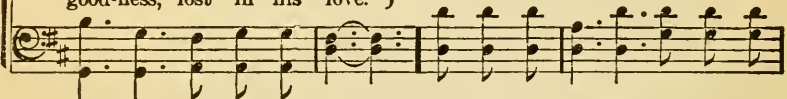
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-vation, pur-chase of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, look-ing a - bove, Filled with his



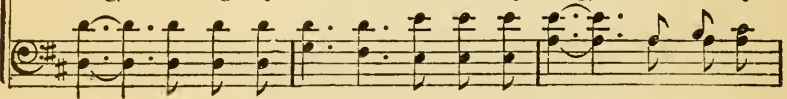
CHORUS.



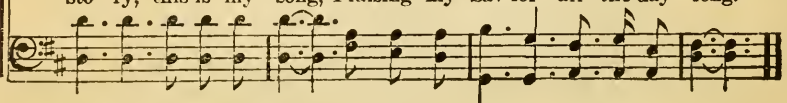
Spir - it, washed in his blood. } This is my sto - ry, this is my
 mer - cy, whis-pers of love. }
 good-ness, lost in his love. }



song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my



sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long.



E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Live not 'mid the shadows, Come in-to the light; Stay not in the
 2. O pit - y the err - ing Still go-ing a - stray! Go speak to them
 3. Throw open your heart-door, Let heav-en come in, Take in all the

val-ley, Climb up to the height; Why should you be mournful, Soul,
 kindly, For help them you may; Some wan-d'r'er a-mong them To
 sunshine, But shut out the sin; Then you will be fit - ted God's

FINE.

cleans'd from thy sin? Throw open your heart-door, And let the light come in.
 Christ you may win; Some heart you may open, And let the light come in.
 work to be - gin, To banish earth's darkness, And let the light come in.

D.S. -cleans'd from thy sin? Throw open your heart-door, And let the light come in.

CHORUS.

Let the sun - shine in, . . . Let the sunshine in, . . . Open, soul, the
 Let the beau-ti - ful sun-shine in, Let the cheer-ing sun-shine in.

D. S.

portals wide, and let the light come in. Why should you be mournful, Soul,

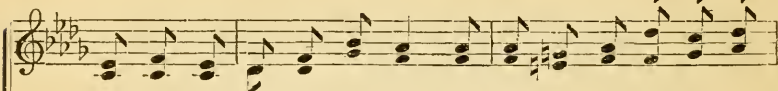
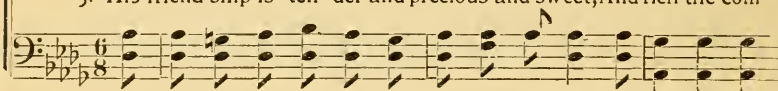
This Loving Redeemer Is Mine.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

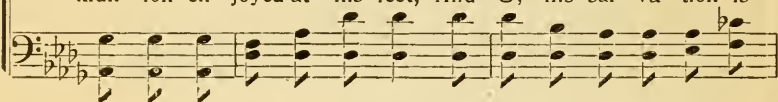
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



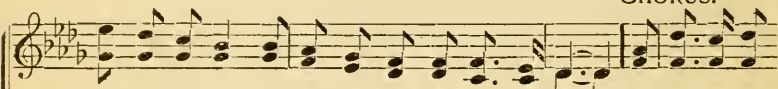
1. The dear, lov-ing Sav-ior was tak - en by men And nailed to the
2. He came to my heart and the light en-tered in; His won-der - ful
3. His friend-ship is ten-der and precious and sweet, And rich the com-



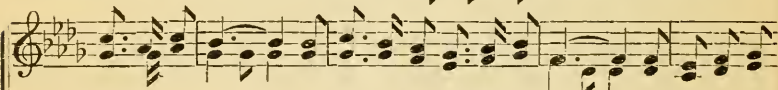
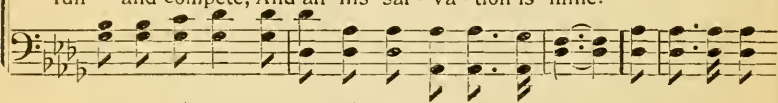
cross and was cru - el - ly slain, Was buried, but came forth tri-
 grace made an end of my sin; He spoke the one word and the
 mun - ion en - joyed at his feet, And O, his sal - va - tion is



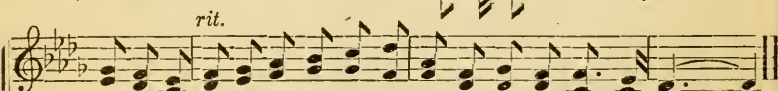
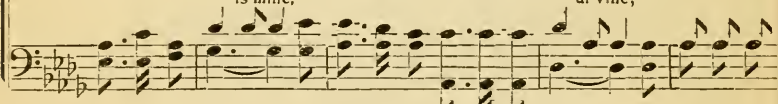
CHORUS.



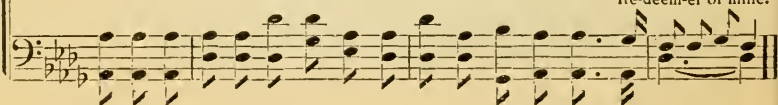
umph - ant a-gain; And now this Re-deem-er is mine.
 blood made me clean; This friend of the sin-ner is mine. This lov-ing Re-
 full and compete, And all his sal - va - tion is mine!



deem - er is mine, A friend and a Savior di - vine; He dwells in me
 is mine, di-vine;

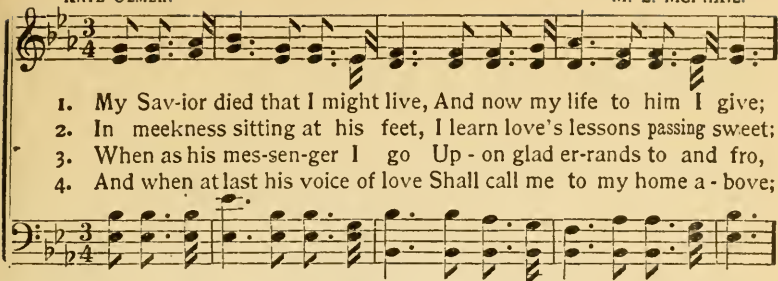


sweetly and saves me completely, This loving Re-deem-er of mine.
 Re-deem-er of mine.

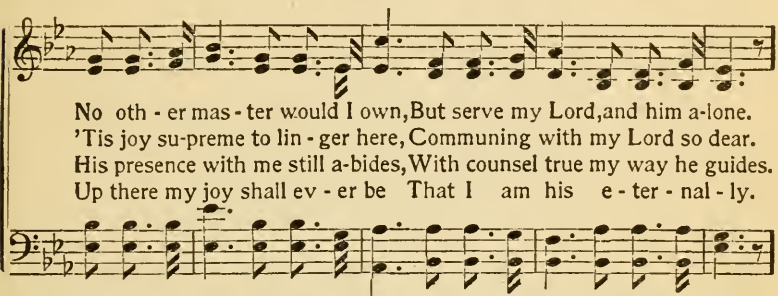


KATE ULMER.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

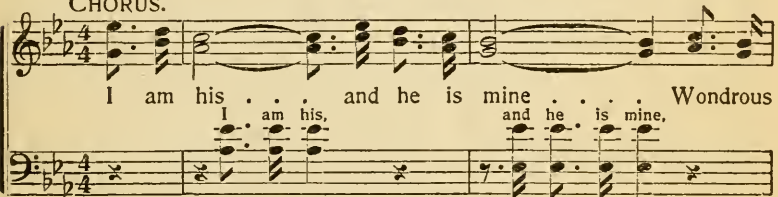


1. My Sav-ior died that I might live, And now my life to him I give;
 2. In meekness sitting at his feet, I learn love's lessons passing sweet;
 3. When as his mes-sen-ger I go Up - on glad er-rands to and fro,
 4. And when at last his voice of love Shall call me to my home a - bove;

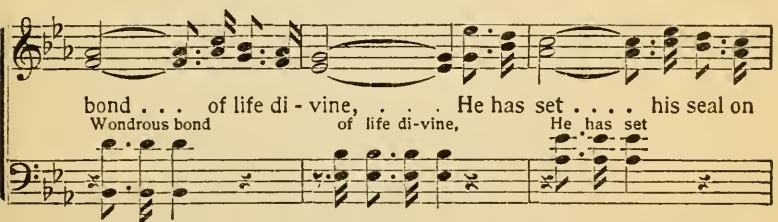


No oth - er mas - ter would I own, But serve my Lord, and him a-lone.
 'Tis joy su-preme to lin - ger here, Communing with my Lord so dear.
 His presence with me still a-bides, With counsel true my way he guides.
 Up there my joy shall ev - er be That I am his e - ter - nal - ly.

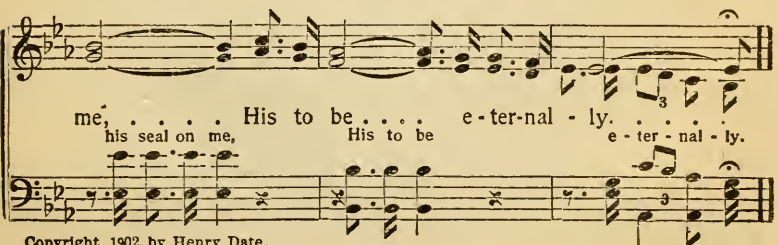
CHORUS.



I am his . . . am his, and he is mine . . . and he is mine, Wondrous



bond . . . of life di - vine, . . . He has set . . . his seal on
 Wondrous bond of life di-vine, He has set



me, . . . His to be . . . e - ter - nal - ly.
 his seal on me, His to be e - ter - nal - ly.

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Church of Christ by grace redeemed, Cloth'd from heav'n all glo-rious-ly, To the field where
 2. Men of Je-sus, up a-wake! Turn your faces to the sun! Freshened faith and
 3. Glorious ensign, hold thou sway O-ver ev-'ry land and sea! Cross of Je-sus,

conflict wag-es March vic-to-riously; Raise the ban-ner of the King,
 courage take, And march unfalt'ring on! Raise your ban-ner to the sky,
 conquer on Till earth redeemed shall be! All the king-doms of this world

Stain'd with Jesus precious blood, And ad-vance up-on the foe
 Wave it to the pass-ing breeze; It must be up-borne un-til He
 Must be won for Christ our King; Men of Je-sus, for-ward, march! And

CHORUS.

As an o-ver-whelm-ing flood, } On sol-diers of the King, to vic-to-ry,
 rul-eth o'er the land and seas. } On, and the Cross of Christ your (*Omit.*)
 songs of glorious vict'ry sing.

vic-to-ry! glorious ensign be! On-ward, for-ward, val-iant-ly!
 Onward, onward, forward, forward, very val-iant-ly!

The Cross the Pledge of Victory.

On - ward, for - ward, loy - al - ly! Let the cross
 Onward, onward, forward, forward, serve your Master loy-al-ly! Let the blood-red cross of
 of Je - sus be Pledge and sign of vic - to - ry.
 Je-sus, let his standard be Pledge and to-ken, pledge and sign of cer-tain vic - t'ry.

67

Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR.

CHORUS.

FINE. After repeat D. S. to Fine.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
 Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;
 Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO. Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

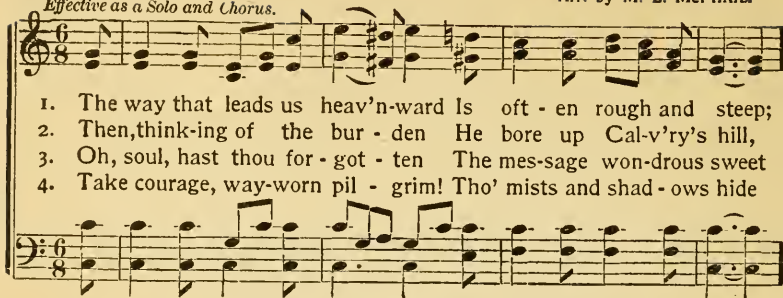
2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

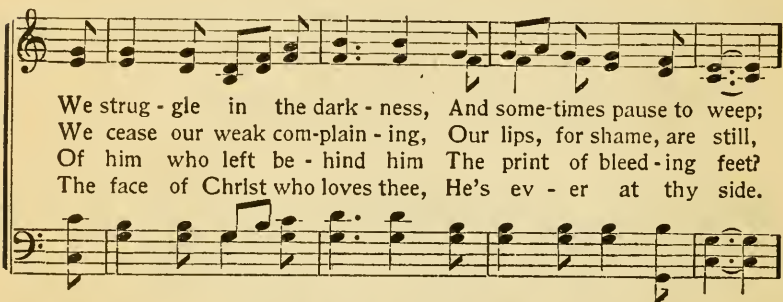
Never Alone.

EBEN E. REXFORD.
Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

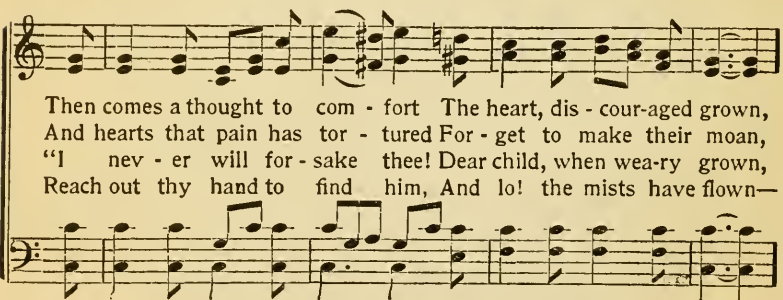
Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.



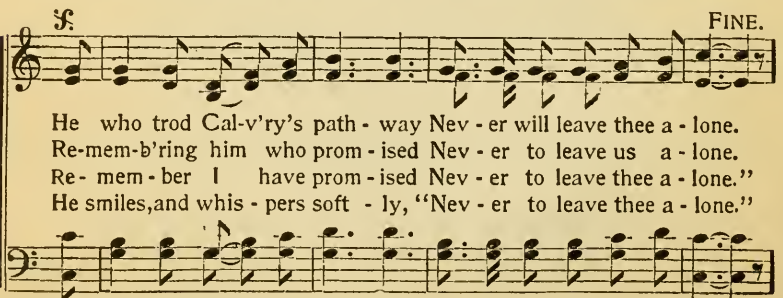
1. The way that leads us heav'n-ward is oft - en rough and steep;
2. Then, think-ing of the bur - den He bore up Cal-v'ry's hill,
3. Oh, soul, hast thou for - got - ten The mes-sage won-drous sweet
4. Take courage, way-worn pil - grim! Tho' mists and shad - ows hide



We strug - gle in the dark - ness, And some-times pause to weep;
We cease our weak com-plain - ing, Our lips, for shame, are still,
Of him who left be - hind him The print of bleed - ing feet?
The face of Christ who loves thee, He's ev - er at thy side.



Then comes a thought to com - fort The heart, dis - cour-aged grown,
And hearts that pain has tor - tured For - get to make their moan,
"I nev - er will for - sake thee! Dear child, when wea-ry grown,
Reach out thy hand to find him, And lo! the mists have flown—



He who trod Cal-v'ry's path - way Nev - er will leave thee a - lone.
Re-mem-b'ring him who prom - ised Nev - er to leave us a - lone.
Re - mem - ber I have prom - ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."
He smiles, and whis - pers soft - ly, "Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."

D.S.—He prom-ised nev-er to leave thee, Nev - er to leave thee a - lone.

Wonderful Grace.

gath - ered me in, O won - der - ful, won - der - ful grace!

gath - ered me in, he gath - ered me in,

The musical score for 'Wonderful Grace' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

73

Weighed and Wanting.

F. E. B.
Slow.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. When the Judge shall weigh our motives For e - ter - nal gain or loss,
2. Shall we hear the glad words spoken, "Faithful servant," and "Well done,"
3. Shall we heed the Spir-it's plead-ing, While for mer-cy we may call,

The musical score for the first verse of 'Weighed and Wanting' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Shall we stand as gold be - fore him, Or as vile and worthless dross?
Or the dread and aw - ful sentence, "Thou art wanting," sinful one?
Or de - lay till God's hand-writ-ing Seals the fi - nal doom of all?

The musical score for the second verse of 'Weighed and Wanting' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

REFRAIN.

Weigh'd in the bal-ance of the Lord, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting;

The musical score for the first line of the refrain of 'Weighed and Wanting' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Weigh'd by the standard of his word, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting.

The musical score for the second line of the refrain of 'Weighed and Wanting' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

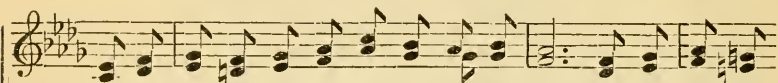
Just a Cup of Water.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

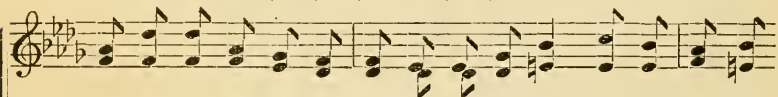
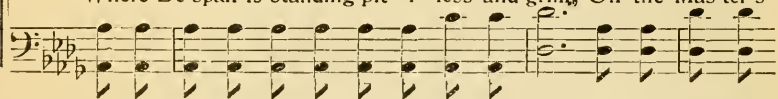
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



1. Just a cup of cool-ing wa - ter giv - en in the Master's name,
2. On thy pathway there are those whom gladness hath forsaken long,
3. Shed the light of hope and gladness, scatter blessings on your way,



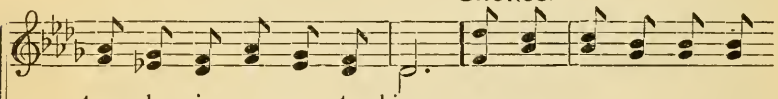
Just a friendly word when all the way seems dim, Just a lit - tle
And their cup of life is bit - ter to the brim; You may turn their
Where De-spair is standing pit - i - less and grim; On the Mas-ter's



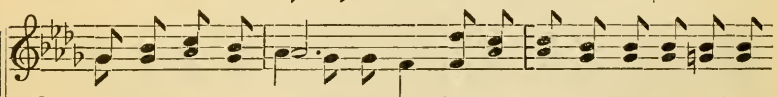
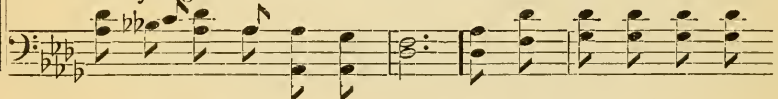
deed of kind-ness, Je-sus tells us is the same As if they were
gloom to sunshine, and their sighing in - to song, Je - sus will ac-
shin-ing rec - ords you will see the joy some day, 'Twas the same as



CHORUS.



tru - ly giv - en un - to him.
count the serv - ice as for him. Just a cup of wa - ter
tho' you gave them un - to him.



in the Master's name, Just a loving word when all the
in his name,



Just a Cup of Water.

ad lib.

way seems dim; Just a lit - tle kindly deed to some life that
the way seems dim;

stands in need, 'Tis the same as tho' you gave them unto him.

un - to him.

75

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

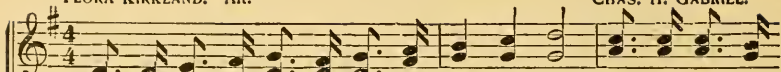
Sav - ior art thou,
thorns on thy brow;
cold on my brow;
crown on my brow;

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

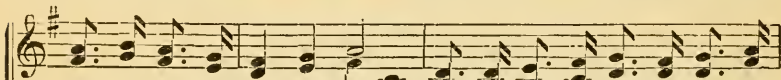
Count Your Mercies.

FLORA KIRKLAND. Alt.

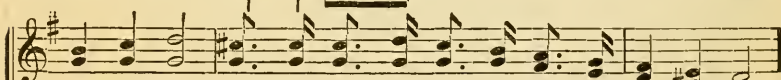
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Are you heav-y - lad - en and with sor-row tried? Look in faith to
 2. Think of hid - den dangers he has brought you thro', Of the cares and
 3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your many
 4. As he looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not he

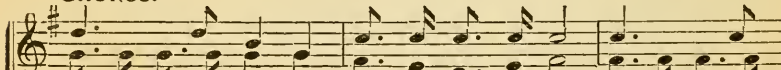


Christ, your Helper, Friend, and Guide; Think of all your mercies, such a
 bur - dens he has borne for you, Of his words of com-fort in your
 mer - cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust him in the shad-ows dim and
 choos - eth what each day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis-dom, tho' the

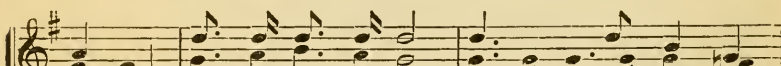


bound-less store, Tears will change to prais-es as you count them o'er.
 deep - est need, Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in-deed.
 have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet-er for the dark down here."
 hot tears start, Give to him the in - cense of a grate-ful heart.

CHORUS.

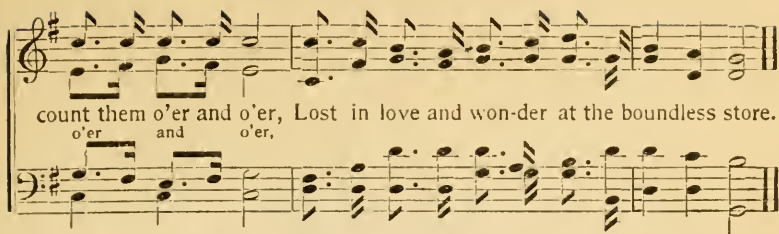


Count your mer - cies, such a bound-less store, Count your
 Count your ma - ny mer - cies, bound - less store, Count your ma - ny



mer - cies, pressed and run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies,
 mer - cies run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies, count them

Count Your Mercies.



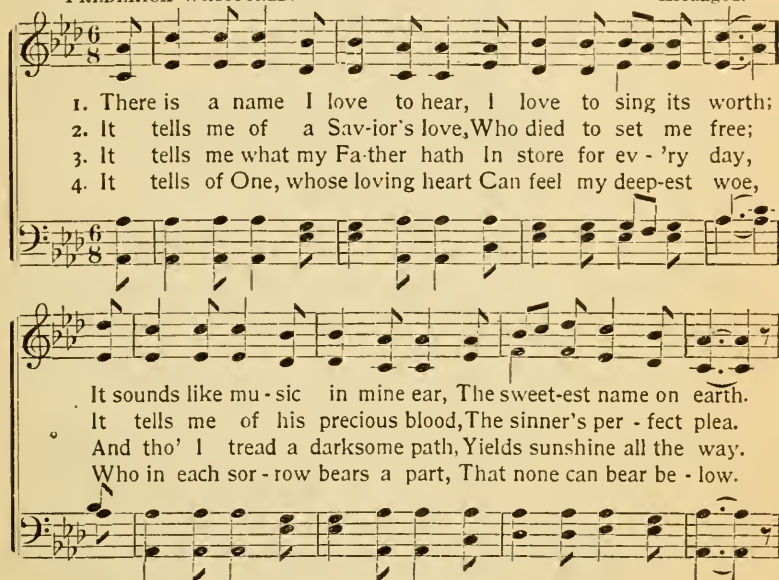
count them o'er and o'er, Lost in love and won-der at the boundless store.
o'er and o'er,

77

Oh, How I Love Jesus.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

Arranged.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day,
4. It tells of One, whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe,

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of his precious blood, The sinner's per - fect plea.
And tho' I tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
Who in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.

CHORUS.



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be-cause he first loved me.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

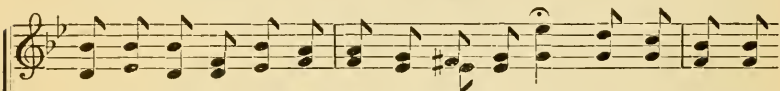
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



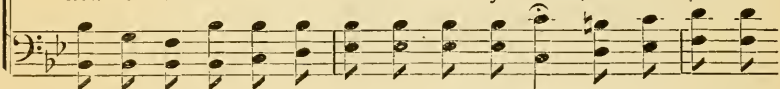
1. If you want to be a Christian you must leave the way of sin,
2. If you want to be a Christian you must once for all re-nounce
3. If you want to be a Christian full of com-fort and of peace,
4. If you want to be a Christian and your Mas-ter glo - ri - fy,



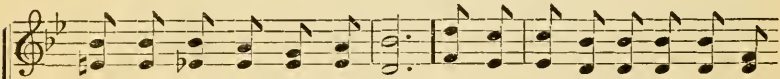
And in Je-sus' strength the bet-ter life be-gin; You must put your
All that hinders God's free grace within your soul, And in love you
On his al-tar you a sac - ri - fice must lay, You must make com-
You must let your light with constant radiance shine; You can nev - er



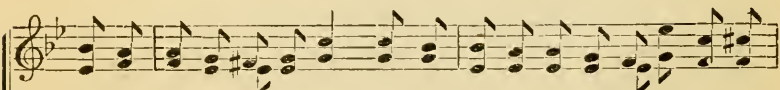
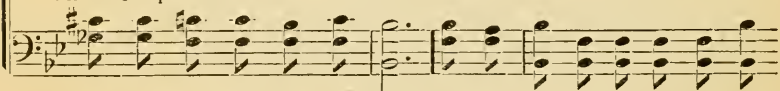
soul for cleansing un-der-neath his pre-cious blood, And that pre-cious
must enthrone him as your on - ly Lord and King, Yield-ing ev - 'ry
plete sur - ren - der, then each mo-moment walk by faith, And so fol - low
hon - or Je-sus while the world still shares your love, You must walk in



CHORUS.



blood will make you pure and clean.
pow'r to his com-plete con-trol. Do you want to be a Christian?
Je - sus ful - ly all the way.
all the pow'r of life di - vine.



Are you read - y to be saved? Will you make for him with-in your heart a



Do You Want to Be a Christian?

place? Have you tho't it o - ver ful - ly, and de - cid - ed
a wel - come place?

once for all To be - come this ve - ry hour a child of grace?
a child of grace?

79

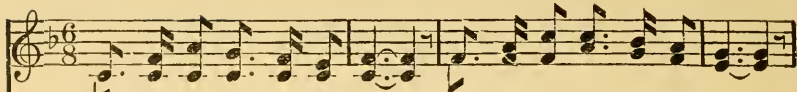
'Tis the Old Time Religion.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
1. It was good for our fa - thers, It was good for our fa - thers,

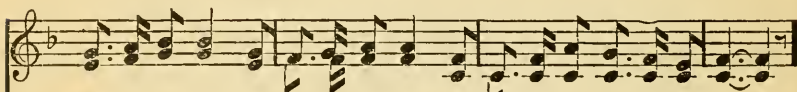
'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, It is good e - nough for me.
It was good for our fa - thers, It is good e - nough for me.

- 2 It was good for our mothers.
- 3 Makes me love everybody.
- 4 It was good for the prophets.
- 5 It makes soul and body happy.

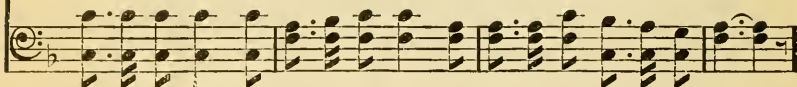
- 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
- 7 It has saved many millions
- 8 It will do when I am dying.
- 9 It will take us all to heaven.



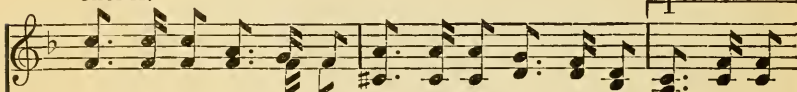
1. Wondrous it seemeth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed his grace, In my heart gave him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con - trol, Cleansing and keeping me whole,



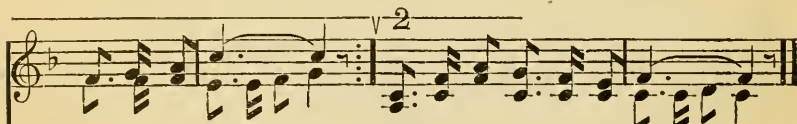
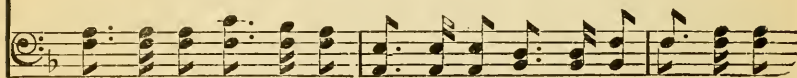
Mer - cy re - veal - ing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sinner like me.
 Till the dear Saviour showed me his fa - vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
 Willing to save me, pardon he gave me, And I am happy with - in.
 But Jesus sought me till he had brought me, Penitent, seeking his face.
 Ban - ish - ing sad - ness, with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.



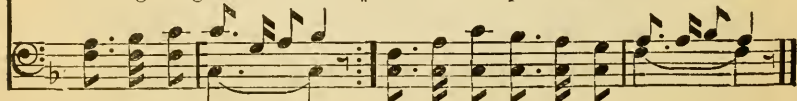
CHORUS.



Is it not won - der - ful, is it not won - der - ful Je - sus so
 Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful (*Omit.*)



gracious should be?..... :|| That he should save e - ven me!.....
 lov - ing and gracious should be? :|| That he should pardon and save even me!



ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. Aft - er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, And you shall stand, face
 2. Aft - er the puls-es shall cease to beat, When at the throne the
 3. Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Aft - er the death-dews,
 4. Aft - er the trump-et's aw-ful blast, Aft - er the judg-ment

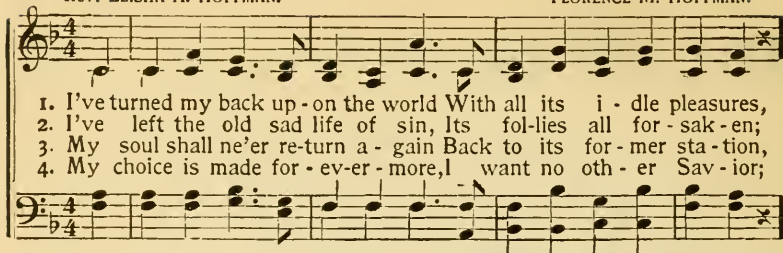
to the shore Of the dim land of the ev - er - more, Care-less
 Lord you meet, Waiting your doom at the judgment seat, Care-less
 damp and chill, O - ver your frame of mor - tali - ty thrill, Care-less
 shall be past, When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost

soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
 soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
 soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then? Care-less soul, what then?
 soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then? Poor, lost soul, what then?

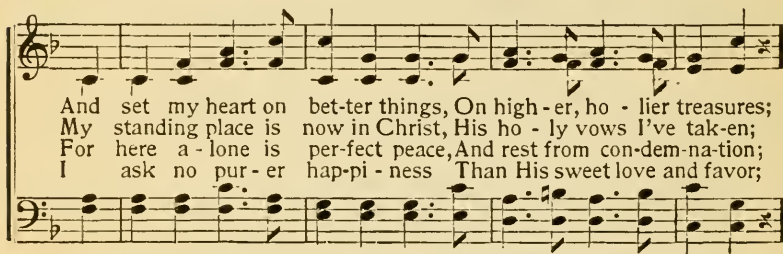
Aft - er the pleas-ures of life are o'er, Care-less soul, what then?
 Wait-ing your doom at the judgment seat, Care-less soul, what then?
 Aft - er your heart is hushed and still, Care-less soul, what then?
 When you have come to your doom at last, Poor, lost soul, what then?

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

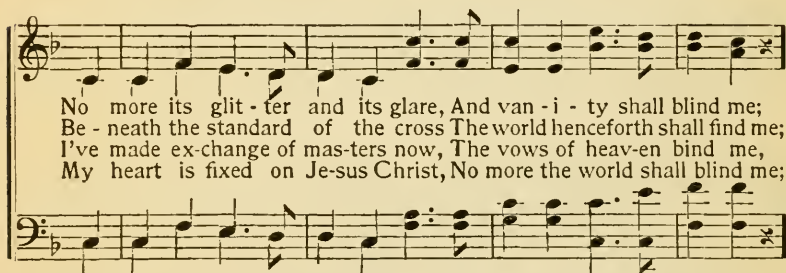
FLORENCE M. HOFFMAN.



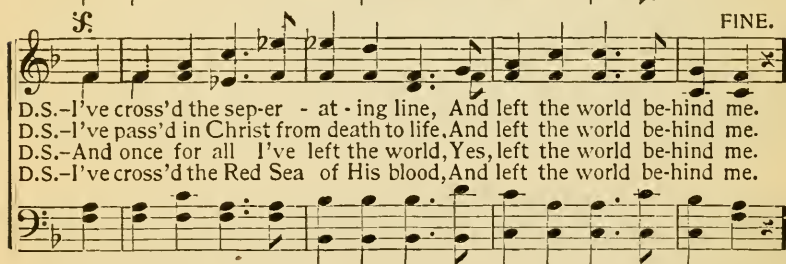
1. I've turned my back up - on the world With all its i - dle pleasures,
 2. I've left the old sad life of sin, Its fol-lies all for-sak-en;
 3. My soul shall ne'er re-turn a - gain Back to its for-mer sta-tion,
 4. My choice is made for - ev-er - more, I want no oth - er Sav - ior;



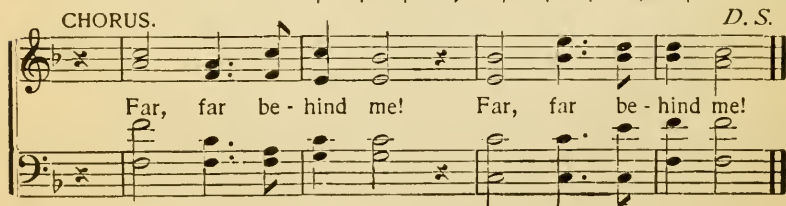
And set my heart on bet-ter things, On high - er, ho - lier treasures;
 My standing place is now in Christ, His ho - ly vows I've tak-en;
 For here a - lone is per-fect peace, And rest from con-dem-na-tion;
 I ask no pur - er hap-pi - ness Than His sweet love and favor;



No more its glit - ter and its glare, And van - i - ty shall blind me;
 Be - neath the standard of the cross The world henceforth shall find me;
 I've made ex-change of mas-ters now, The vows of heav-en bind me,
 My heart is fixed on Je-sus Christ, No more the world shall blind me;



FINE.
 D.S.-I've cross'd the sep-er - at - ing line, And left the world be-hind me.
 D.S.-I've pass'd in Christ from death to life, And left the world be-hind me.
 D.S.-And once for all I've left the world, Yes, left the world be-hind me.
 D.S.-I've cross'd the Red Sea of His blood, And left the world be-hind me.



CHORUS. **D. S.**
 Far, far be - hind me! Far, far be - hind me!

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Bleed with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go!
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

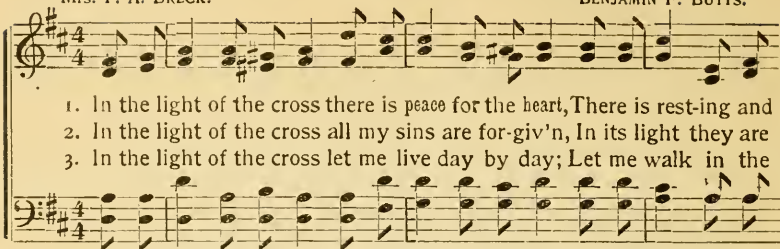
CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,

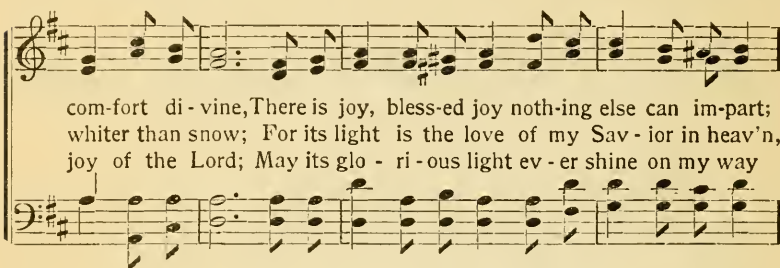
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Mrs. F. A. BRECK.

BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.

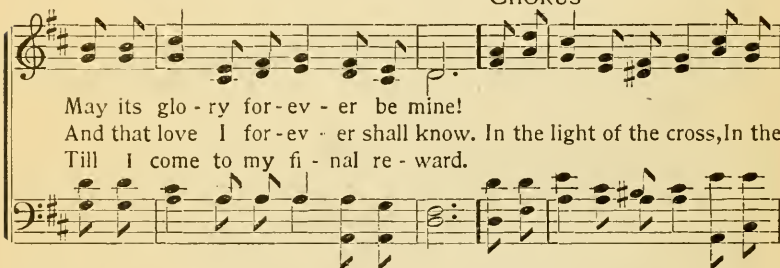


1. In the light of the cross there is peace for the heart, There is rest-ing and
 2. In the light of the cross all my sins are for-giv'n, In its light they are
 3. In the light of the cross let me live day by day; Let me walk in the

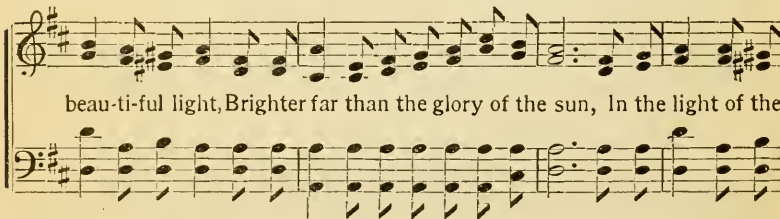


com-fort di-vine, There is joy, bless-ed joy noth-ing else can im-part;
 whiter than snow; For its light is the love of my Sav-ior in heav'n,
 joy of the Lord; May its glo-ri-ous light ev-er shine on my way

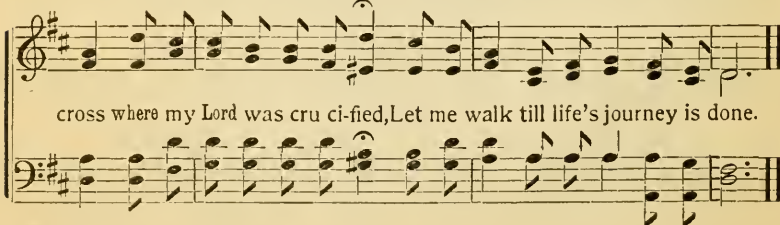
CHORUS



May its glo-ry for-ev-er be mine!
 And that love I for-ev-er shall know. In the light of the cross, In the
 Till I come to my fi-nal re-ward.



beau-ti-ful light, Brighter far than the glory of the sun, In the light of the



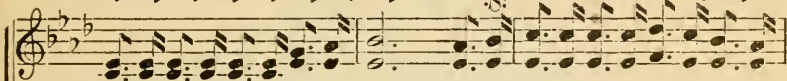
cross where my Lord was cru-ci-fied, Let me walk till life's journey is done.

Master, Use Me.

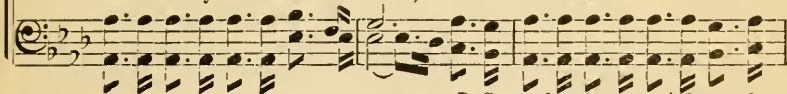
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



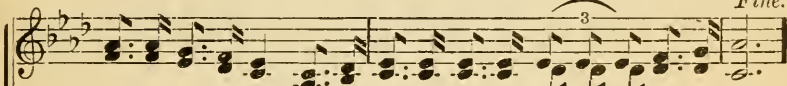
1. Send me forth, O bless-ed Master! where are souls in sor-row bowed, Send me
2. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer, Who with
3. There is work with-in the vineyard, there is serv-ice to be done, There's a
4. Oh, I would not be an i-dler in the vineyard of the Lord; With the



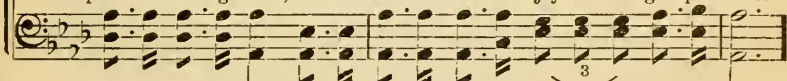
forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will o-bey the call, and
us the joys of life should freely share; There are hearts that may be lightened of the
mes-sage of sal-va-tion to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the sto-ry in the
Christ the vineyard-labor I would share; In-to hearts afar from Je-sus I would



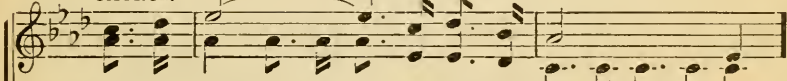
D. S.—read-y to re-port for or-ders.
Fine.



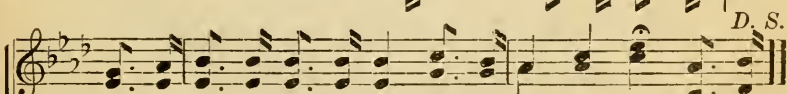
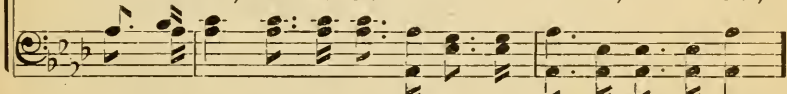
in Thy glorious name I will take the bless-ed light of the gos-pel there.
burdens which they bear; Let me take the bless-ed hope of the gos-pel there.
homes of sin-ful men; Let me take the bless-ed Christ of the gos-pel there.
speak the sav-ing Word; Let me take the bless-ed joy of the gos-pel there.



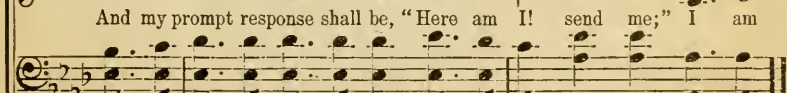
Mas-ter, sum-mon me, And I'll go on an-y er-rand of love for Thee.
CHORUS.



Call me forth..... to act-ive serv-ice,
Call me forth, call me forth to act-ive serv-ice, call me forth,



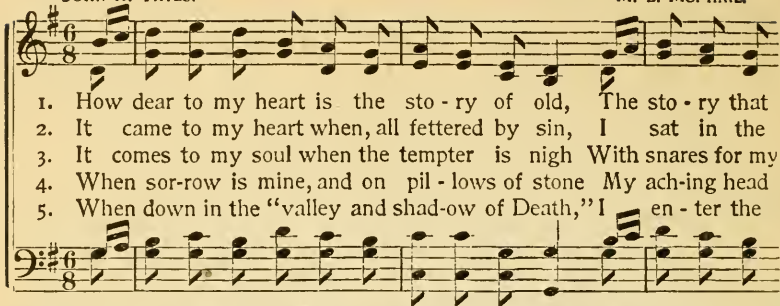
And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! send me;" I am



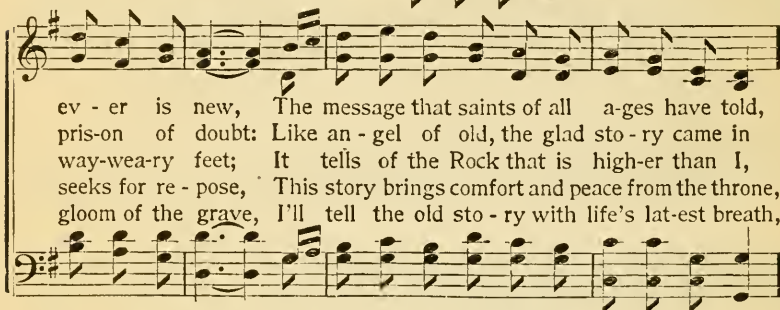
86 The Story That Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES.

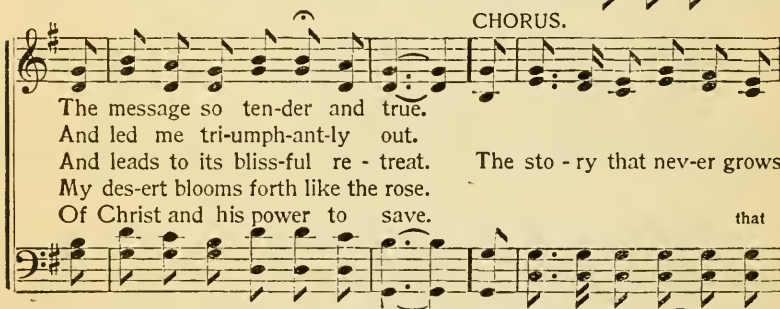
M. L. MCPHAIL.



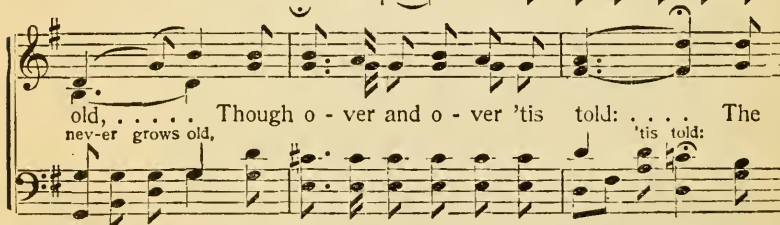
1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
 2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the
 3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my
 4. When sor - row is mine, and on pil - lows of stone My ach - ing head
 5. When down in the "valley and shad - ow of Death," I en - ter the



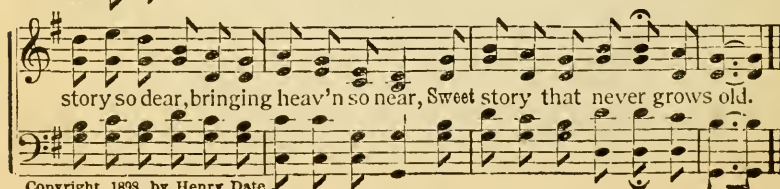
ev - er is new, The message that saints of all a - ges have told,
 pris - on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in
 way - wear - y feet; It tells of the Rock that is high - er than I,
 seeks for re - pose, This story brings comfort and peace from the throne,
 gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath,



CHORUS.
 The message so ten - der and true.
 And led me tri - umph - ant - ly out.
 And leads to its bliss - ful re - treat. The sto - ry that nev - er grows
 My des - ert blooms forth like the rose.
 Of Christ and his power to save. that



old, Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told: The
 nev - er grows old, 'tis told:



story so dear, bring - ing heav'n so near, Sweet story that never grows old.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN

1. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shepherd, Cal-leth thee now to come In - to the
 2. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shepherd, Gave His dear life for thee; Ten-der-ly
 3. Lin-ger-ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are abroad to-day, Seeking the

fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of
 now He's calling, "Wan-der-er, come to me:" Haste! for with-out is
 sheep who're straying, Seek-ing the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov-ing

man-hood, Come in the morn of youth, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,
 dan - ger, "Come," cries the Shepherd blest, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,
 Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,

CHORUS.

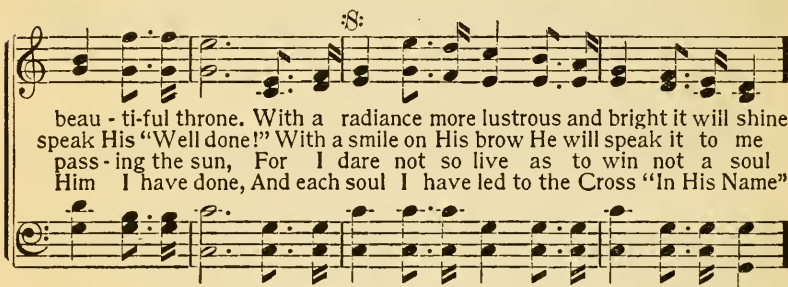
Enter the way of truth.
 Enter the place of rest. Lovingly, tenderly calling is He, "Wanderer, wanderer,
 Where there is rest and room.

Rit.

come unto me;" Patiently waiting, there standing I see Jesus, my Shepherd divine.



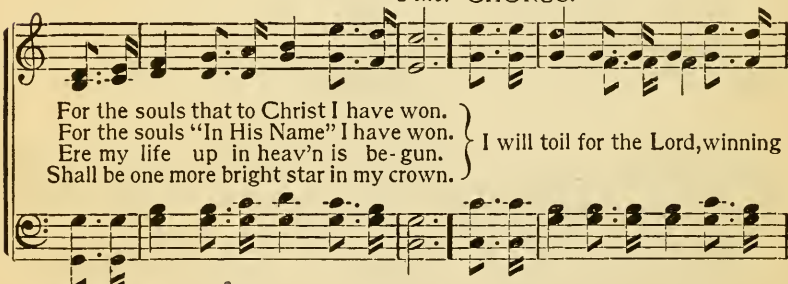
1. There will be man-y stars in my heav-en-ly crown When I stand by the
 2. When I stand with the saved to receive my re-ward And the Mas-ter shall
 3. As the fruit of my toil stars shall gleam in my crown With a glo-ry sur-
 4. It was Christ who inspired me with love for the lost, And some service thro'



beau-ti-ful throne. With a radiance more lustrous and bright it will shine
 speak His "Well done!" With a smile on His brow He will speak it to me
 pass-ing the sun, For I dare not so live as to win not a soul
 Him I have done, And each soul I have led to the Cross "In His Name"

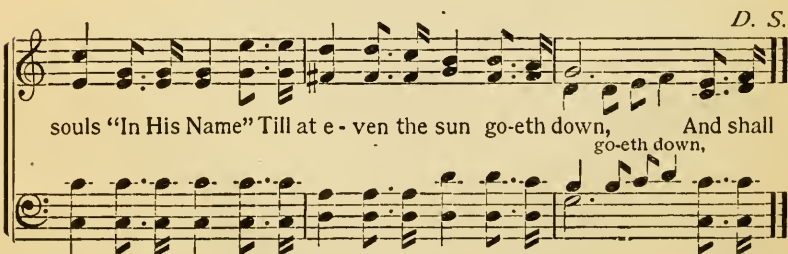
D. S.—wear by and by for each soul I have won

Fine. CHORUS.



For the souls that to Christ I have won.
 For the souls "In His Name" I have won.
 Ere my life up in heav'n is be-gun. } I will toil for the Lord, winning
 Shall be one more bright star in my crown.

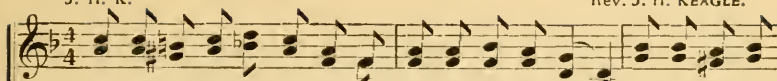
One more star in my beau-ti-ful crown.



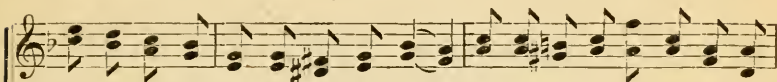
souls "In His Name" Till at e-ven the sun go-eth down, And shall
 go-eth down,

J. H. K.

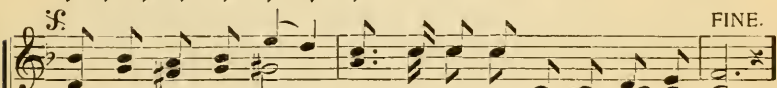
Rev. J. H. KEAGLE.



1. We are friends of Je-sus, "all and always for the King;" For His gracious
 2. Hear the cry of anguish, "come and help us ere we die!" To Christ's, "Go and
 3. Loy-al to our Zi-on, blessings on her we will pray; Zi-on of our



blessings we His prais-es now would sing; To His glo-rious service all our
 teach them," we would answer, "Here am I!" Deeply stirred in soul are we, to
 fathers, take not, Lord, her light a-way; Keep her in Thy service true un-




FINE.

tal-ents we will bring, And we'll help to win the world for God.
 aid them we will try, And we'll help to win the world for God.
 till the crowning day, When the world shall all be won to God.

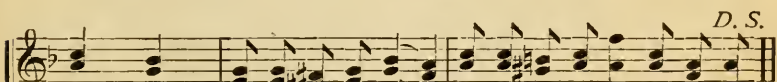
D. S.-tal-ents we will bring, And we'll help to win the world for God.

CHORUS.



"All and al-ways, al-ways for the King;" "All and
 "All and al-ways, all and al-ways for the King" "All and

D. S.

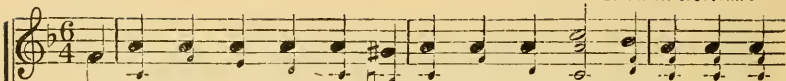


al-ways, always for the King;" To His glorious service all our
 al-ways, all and al-ways for the King;"

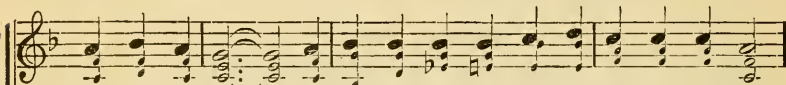
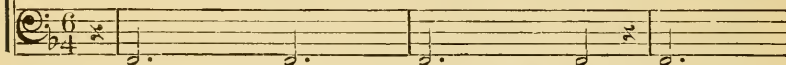
Will You Give Your Boy?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. A poor, fall - en drunk-ard is dy - ing to - day, And reaching the
2. A gam - bler is slain in a rev - el and brawl, And rests in death's
3. A scoff - er goes down in his sin to the grave, Re - ject-ing God's
4. The worldling is start - led the sum-mons to hear: "Now endeth the



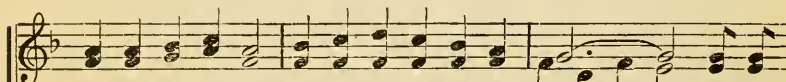
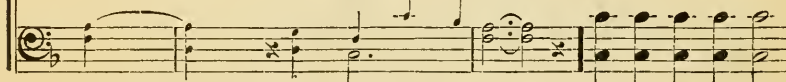
end of his race; No more will he en - ter the gild - ed sa - loon;
 fold - ed em - brace; No more will he drink of the pleasures of sin;
 mer - cy and grace; No more will he curse the dear word of the Lord;
 day of thy grace;" He pass - es a - way, but how man - y there are



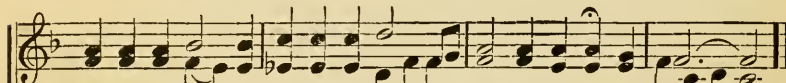
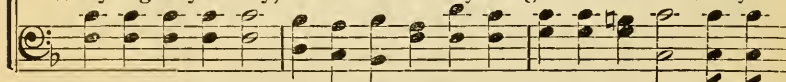
CHORUS.



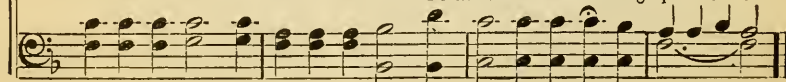
There is want - ed a boy for his place.
 There is want - ed a boy for his place. } Shall it be your boy?
 There is want - ed a boy for his place.
 Who are read - y to stand in his place?



Will you give your boy, In his sweet beauty and grace?..... Will you



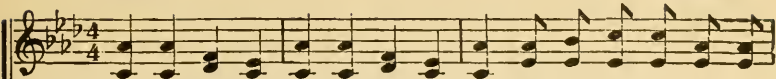
offer your child, so innocent, mild, }
 To take the dead drunkard's place?...
 To take the dead gambler's place?...
 To take the dead scoff-er's place?...
 To take the dead worldling's place?...



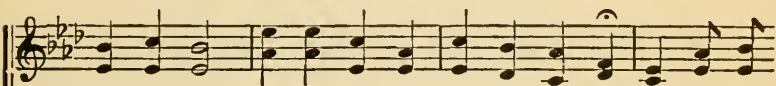
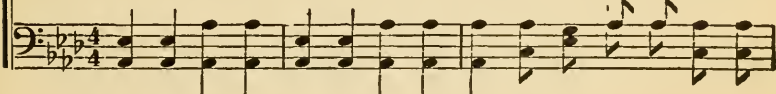
Oh, It is Wonderful.

E. C. GREEN. Alt.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



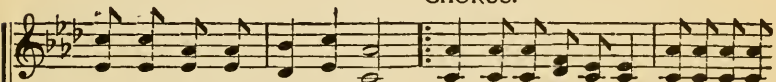
1. Can it be that Je-sus bought me, And on the hallowed cross a -
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Sav'd me from wandering and
3. It was years He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the
4. From that hour He has been seeking How He may fill me with His
5. As I think of all, I mar - vel Why in such pa-tience He my



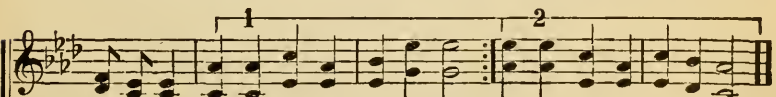
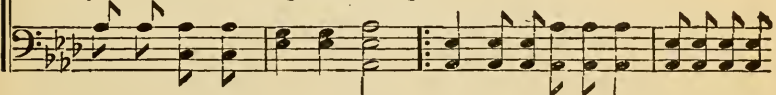
toned for me, Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a
brought me near; Dai - ly now His grace be - stow-ing, Je - sus is
pre - cious hour, When I should at last be yield-ing, Yielding to
pre - cious love, How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the
good has sought, And bestowed His grace up - on me, And in my



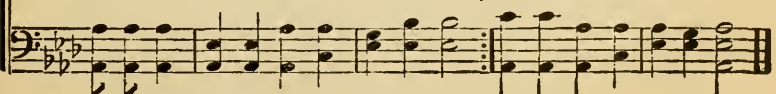
CHORUS.



precious, precious Friend is He!
grow-ing un - to me more dear.
Je - sus ev - 'ry ransom'd pow'r. Oh, it is won-der-ful, very, very
fel - low-ship of saints a - bove.
spir - it such a change has wrought.



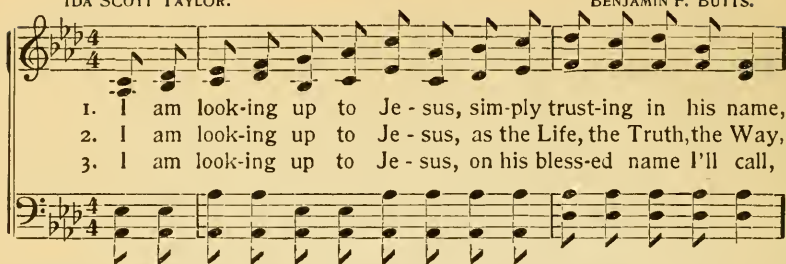
wonderful, All His grace so rich and free! }
Omit. } That my Savior so loves me!



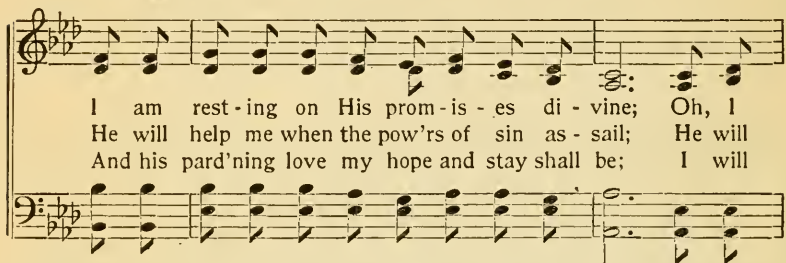
I Am Looking Up to Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

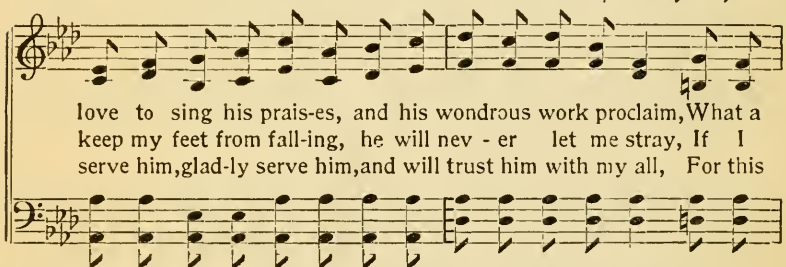
BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.



1. I am look-ing up to Je - sus, sim-ply trust-ing in his name,
 2. I am look-ing up to Je - sus, as the Life, the Truth, the Way,
 3. I am look-ing up to Je - sus, on his bless-ed name I'll call,

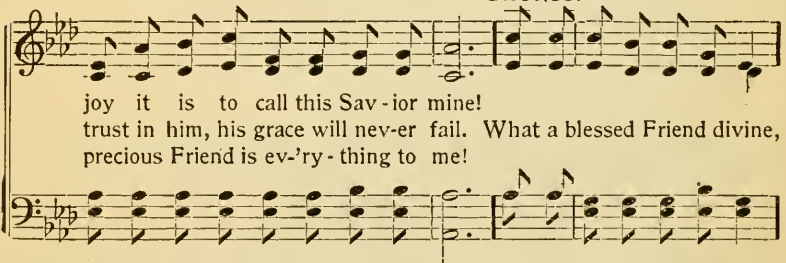


I am rest-ing on His prom-is - es di - vine; Oh, I
 He will help me when the pow'rs of sin as - sail; He will
 And his pard'ning love my hope and stay shall be; I will

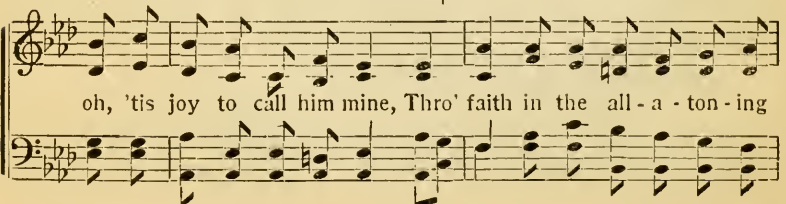


love to sing his prais-es, and his wondrous work proclaim, What a
 keep my feet from fall-ing, he will nev - er let me stray, If I
 serve him, glad-ly serve him, and will trust him with my all, For this

CHORUS.



joy it is to call this Sav-ior mine!
 trust in him, his grace will nev-er fail. What a blessed Friend divine,
 precious Friend is ev-'ry - thing to me!



oh, 'tis joy to call him mine, Thro' faith in the all - a - ton - ing

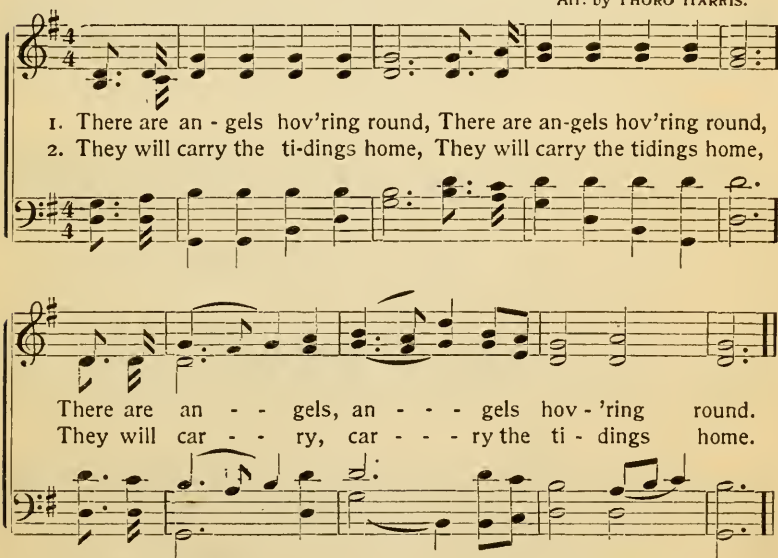
I Am Looking Up to Jesus.



blood; his pre-cious blood; Praise the Lord of Hosts a - bove, he has
crowned me with his love, And has washed me in the pur - i - fy - ing flood.

93 There Are Angels Hovering Round.

Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



1. There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an-gels hov'ring round,
2. They will carry the ti-dings home, They will carry the tidings home,
There are an - - gels, an - - - gels hov - 'ring round.
They will car - - ry, car - - - ry the ti - dings home.

3 To the new Jerusalem,
To the new Jerusalem,
To the new, the new Jerusalem,

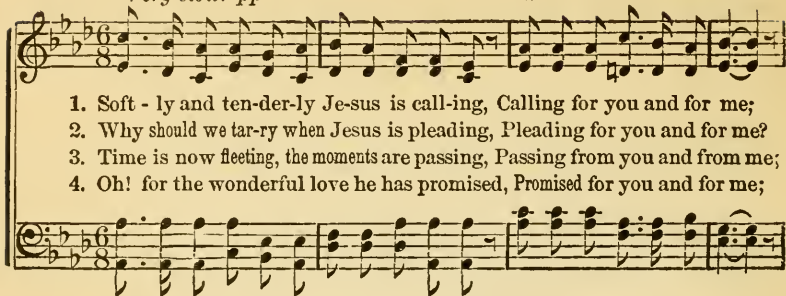
4 Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.

5 And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.

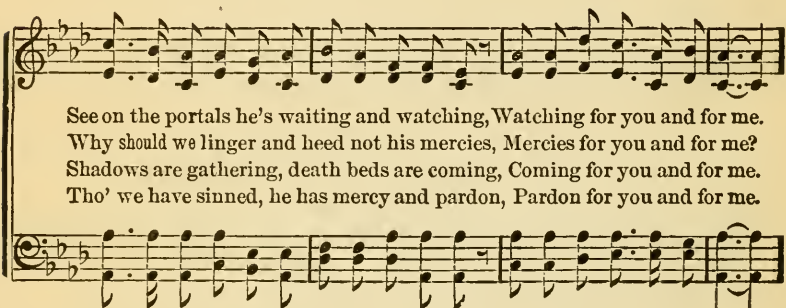
6 There's glory all around,
There's glory all around,
There's glory, glory all around.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

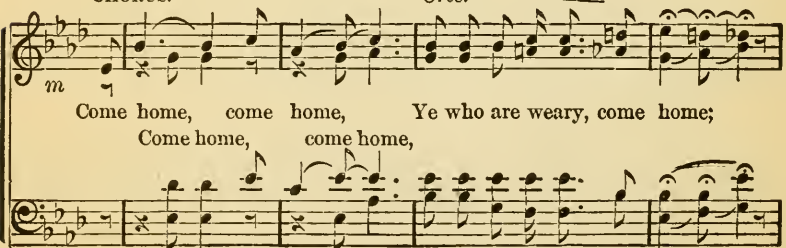
*Very slow. pp**m*


1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

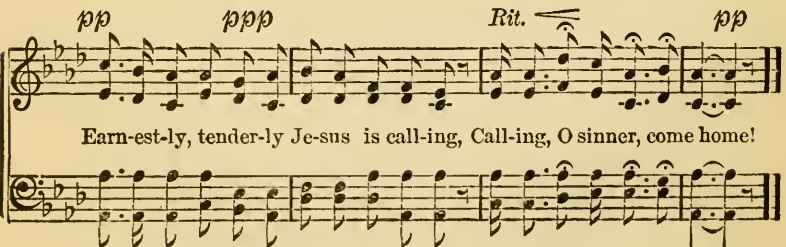


See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Cres.


m
 Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
 Come home, come home,

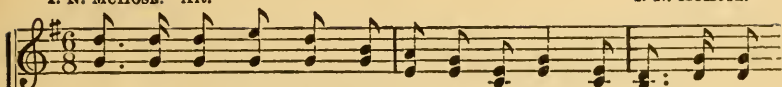


pp *ppp* *Rit.* *pp*
 Earn-est-ly, tender-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sinner, come home!


Oh, Such Wonderful Love.

I. N. McHose. Alt.

I. N. McHose.

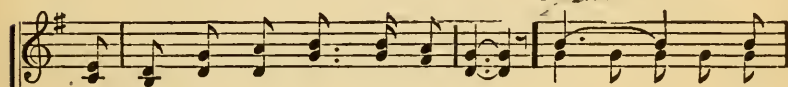


1. O the great love the dear Sav-ior has shown To shame-ful - ly
 2. Pal - ac - es, man-sions and inns had no room For Christ, who so
 3. Man of great sor - rows and homeless was he, But yet my Re -




die on the tree, Leav-ing his scep-tre and beau - ti - ful throne
 joy - ful - ly came Down from yon heav-en our path to il - lume,
 deem-er and Friend, Pour-ing in in - fi-nite streams up - on me,

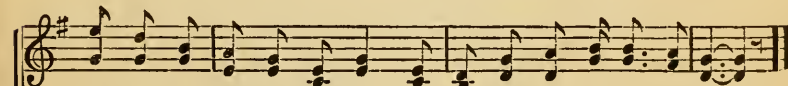
CHORUS.



To res - cue a sin - ner like me! Oh, such
 And save us from sin and from shame.
 A love that can nev - er-more end. Oh, such won-der - ful,



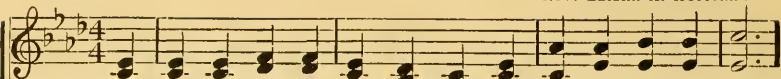
won-der - ful love! Oh, such won-der-ful love' Je - sus, my
 Oh, such wonderful,



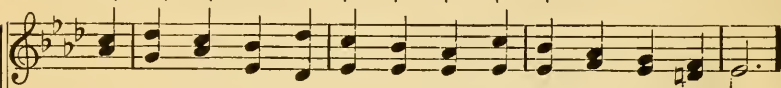
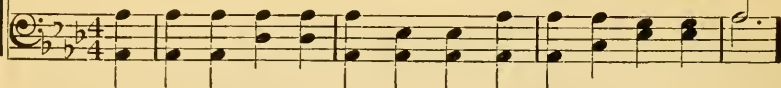
Sav-ior, left scep-tre and throne, To res-cue a sin-ner like me.

E. A. H.

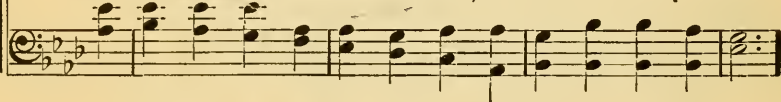
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



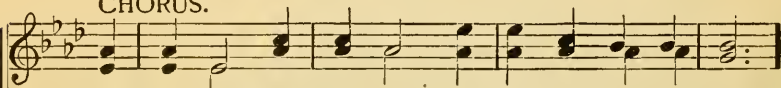
1. Tell Je - sus, tell Him ev - 'ry-thing; A - bout your-self tell all;
2. Tell Je - sus, tell Him ev - 'ry-thing, The past and pres-ent, too;
3. Tell Je - sus, tell Him ev - 'ry-thing; He lis - tens to a sigh;
4. Tell Je - sus, tell Him ev - 'ry-thing A - bout your sin - ful - ness,
5. Tell Je - sus ev - 'ry new de - sire To be more pure in heart,
6. Tell Je - sus when your faith is weak, And when your hopes grow dim,



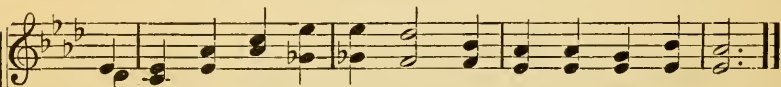
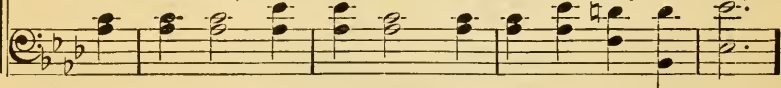
Fear not to tell your joys and cares, The great ones and the small.
 He sends new strength for ev - 'ry need, And He will com-fort you.
 He knows each wish, He sees each tear, For He is al-ways nigh.
 And plead with Him for measures large Of grace and ho - li - ness.
 And He a deep - er work of grace Will, in His love, im-part.
 And when as-sailed with fear and doubt, O tell it all to Him!



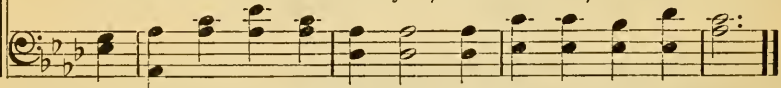
CHORUS.



Tell Je - sus, tell Je - sus What-ev - er may be - fall;



No oth - er friend so loves you; Tell Je - sus, tell Him all.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>7 Soul, when your love seems faint and cold,
 And Christ seems far away,
 Tell Jesus to reveal Himself,
 For He is near away.</p> <p>8 Soul, when you stumble in the way,
 Or through temptation fall,
 To Jesus come in loving faith,
 And He will pardon all.</p> | <p>9 When for communion with the Lord
 And for more love you sigh,
 Tell Jesus, and your longings deep
 His grace will satisfy.</p> <p>10 Tell Jesus, tell Him all your needs,
 With every morning new;
 No other friend loves you so well,
 Or is so good to you.</p> |
|--|--|

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire Kind - ling, flam - ing, glow - ing, }
 { High - er still and ris - ing higher, All my soul o'er - flow - ing; }
 2. { Now I am from bond - age freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en; }
 { Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en; }
 3. { Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry be to Je - sus! }
 { He hath brought sal - va - tion nigh, From all sin he frees us; }

D. C.—I was dead, but now I live,
 D. C.—I was bound, but now I'm free,
 D. C.—Let the pil - grim shout a - loud

Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D. C.

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive, — Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!
 'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty — Oh, the won - drous sto - ry!
 Let the gold - en harp of God Ring the won - drous sto - ry!

Jesus Died for You.

ISAAC WATTS.

S. J. VAIL.

FINE.

1. { A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed? And did my sovereign die? }
 { Would he de - vote that sa - cred head *Omit.* }

D. C.—Yes, Je - sus died for all man - kind; Praise God, sal - va - tion's free!

2 CHORUS. D. C.
 For such a worm as I? Je - sus died for you? Je - sus died for me;

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

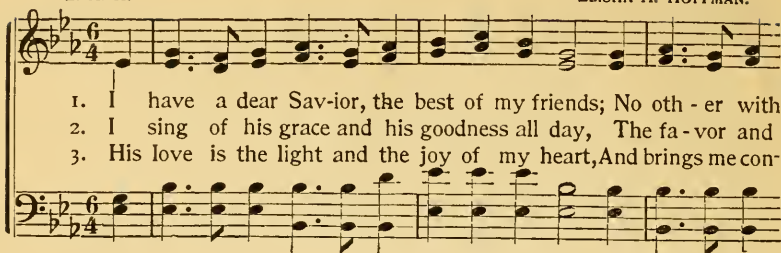
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God's own Son was crucified
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears,
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

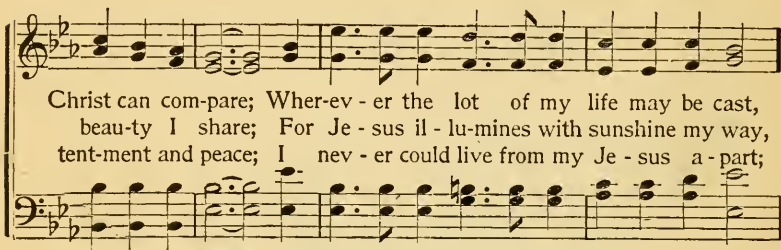
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away—
 'Tis all that I can do.

E. A. H.

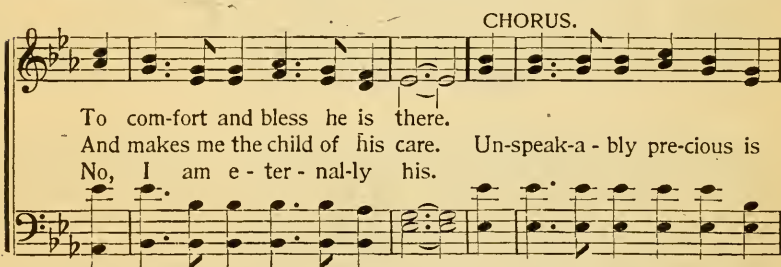
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



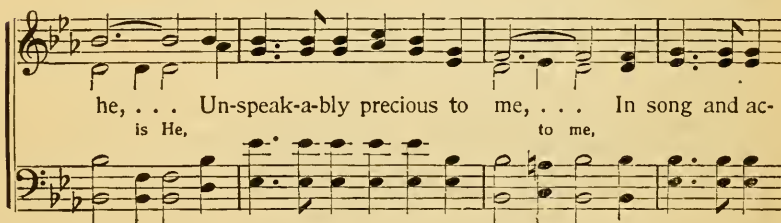
1. I have a dear Sav-ior, the best of my friends; No oth - er with
 2. I sing of his grace and his goodness all day, The fa - vor and
 3. His love is the light and the joy of my heart, And brings me con-



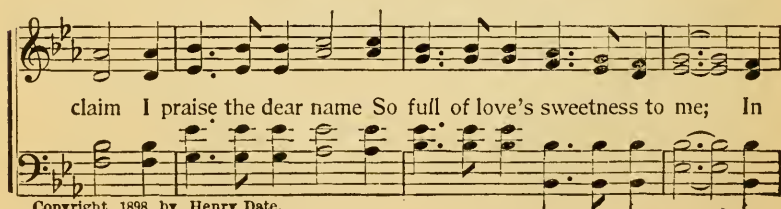
Christ can com-pare; Wher-ev - er the lot of my life may be cast,
 beau-ty I share; For Je - sus il - lu-mines with sunshine my way,
 tent-ment and peace; I nev - er could live from my Je - sus a - part;



CHORUS.
 To com-fort and bless he is there.
 And makes me the child of his care. Un-speak-a - bly pre-cious is
 No, I am e - ter - nal-ly his.



he, . . . Un-speak-a-bly precious to me, . . . In song and ac-
 is He, to me,



claim I praise the dear name So full of love's sweetness to me; In

Unspeakably Precious is He.

song and ac-claim I praise the dear name Unspeakably precious to me.

100 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Tune:—BETHANY. 6, 4, 6.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

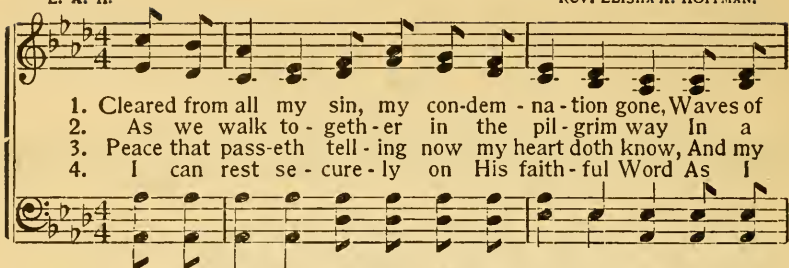
be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be

Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer to thee!

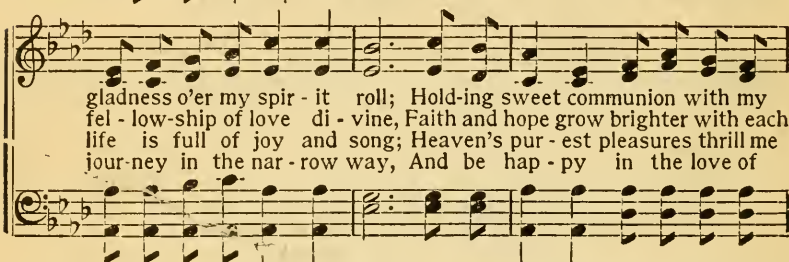
There is Glory in My Soul.

E. A. H.

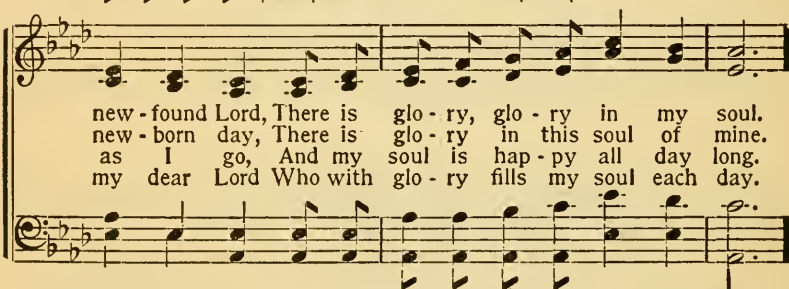
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Cleared from all my sin, my con-dem - na - tion gone, Waves of
 2. As we walk to - geth - er in the pil - grim way In a
 3. Peace that pass-eth tell - ing now my heart doth know, And my
 4. I can rest se - cure - ly on His faith - ful Word As I

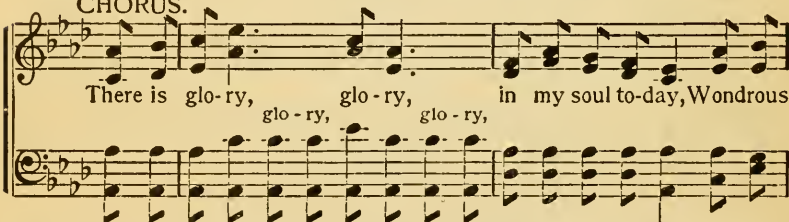


gladness o'er my spir - it roll; Hold - ing sweet communion with my
 fel - low-ship of love di - vine, Faith and hope grow brighter with each
 life is full of joy and song; Heaven's pur - est pleasures thrill me
 jour - ney in the nar - row way, And be hap - py in the love of

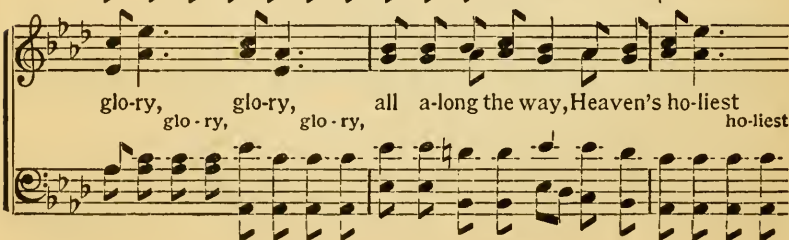


new - found Lord, There is glo - ry, glo - ry in my soul.
 new - born day, There is glo - ry in this soul of mine.
 as I go, And my soul is hap - py all day long.
 my dear Lord Who with glo - ry fills my soul each day.

CHORUS.



There is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, in my soul to-day, Wondrous



glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, all a-long the way, Heaven's ho-liest ho-liest

There is Glory in My Soul.

blessings o'er my spir-it roll, There is glo-ry, glo-ry in my soul.
 blessings

102 He Will Send Showers of Blessings.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. He will send showers of blessing, Blessings to comfort and cheer;
 2. Lo! there are times of re - viv - ing Coming from heaven a - bove,
 3. Mer-cy-drops round us are fall - ing Full of sal - va - tion and grace,
 4. O for the Spir-it's in - fill - ing! O for more faith and more love!

He will send showers re - fresh-ing; Lo! e - ven now they draw near.
 Kin-dling our hearts to new fer - vor, Quick'ning our faith and our love.
 And the warm glow of the Spir - it Kin-dles a - new in each face.
 O for more grace and more pow - er! O for new life from a - bove!

CHORUS.

Showers of blessing, showers refreshing, Bountiful rains from a - bove,

Rit.
 Heaven is sending as we are bending Low at this throne of God's love.

E. E. HEWITT.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Awake, a-wake, put on thy strength, O Zi-on, Put on thy strength O

Zi-on, O Zi - on, Thy beau-ti-ful garments, O Je-ru-sa-lem!
put on thy strength, O Zi-on,

Arise, O captive daughter, and shake from thee the dust;

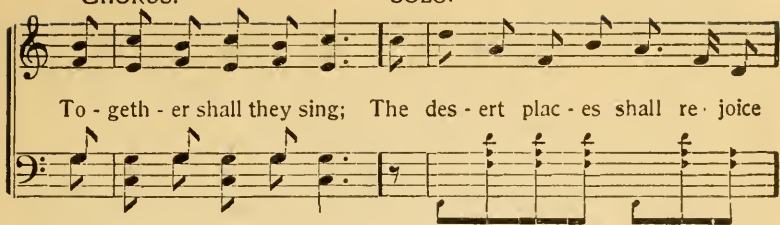
In God's own name shall be thy trust; Awake, awake, put on thy strength, thy

SOLO.
beau-ty, O Je-ru-sa-lem. Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice,

Awake! Awake!

CHORUS.

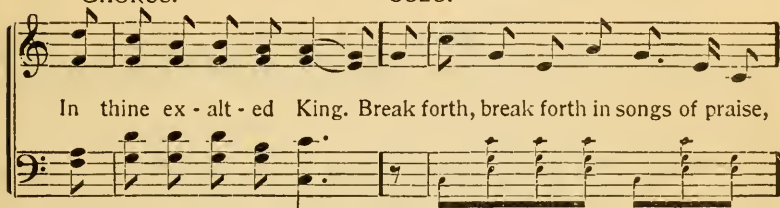
SOLO.



To - geth - er shall they sing; The des - ert plac - es shall re - joice

CHORUS.

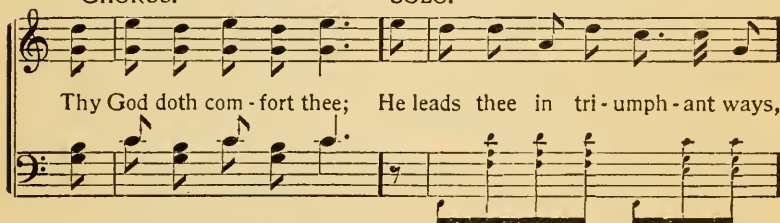
SOLO.



In thine ex - alt - ed King. Break forth, break forth in songs of praise,

CHORUS.

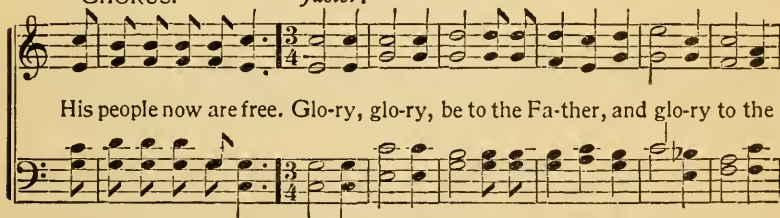
SOLO.



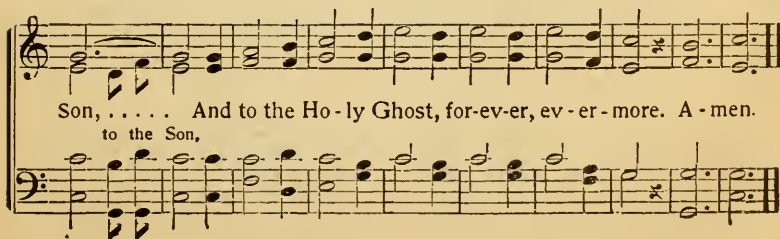
Thy God doth com - fort thee; He leads thee in tri - umph - ant ways,

CHORUS.

faster.



His people now are free. Glo - ry, glo - ry, be to the Fa - ther, and glo - ry to the



Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost, for - ev - er, ev - er - more. A - men.
to the Son,

WILLIAM COWPER.

Tune:—FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood, *Omit.* }
 D.C.—*And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Omit.*

2. FINE. D. C.
 Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme
 And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
 When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
 Lies silent in the grave.

WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en-ter there; }
 Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine; }
 Cho. { *I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more!* }
 { *To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more!* }

2 My Father's home is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
 Be mine a happier lot to own
 A heavenly mansion near the throne.

GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr.

Tune:—WEBB.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; }
 { Lift high his roy - al ban-ner, It must not (Omit.) } suf-fer loss;

D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished and Christ is (Omit.) Lord indeed.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you;
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

107 The Morning Light is Breaking. 108 Reapers of Life's Harvest.

Tune above.

1 The morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears,
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Savior's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thine onward way,
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay.
 Stay not till all the lowly,
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

SAMUEL SMITH.

Tune above.

1 Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
 Why stand with rusted blade
 Until the night draws round thee,
 And day begins to fade;
 Why stand ye idly waiting,
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing,
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
 And gather in the grain;
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again;
 The Master calls for reapers,
 And shall he call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
 And waste upon the plain?

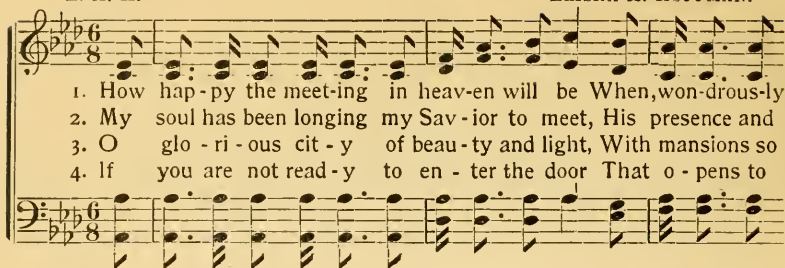
3 Come down from hill and mountain,
 In morning's ruddy glow,
 Nor wait until the dial
 Points to the noon below,
 And come with stronger sinews
 Nor faint in heat or cold,
 And pause not till the evening
 Draws round its wealth of gold.

J. B. WOODBURY.

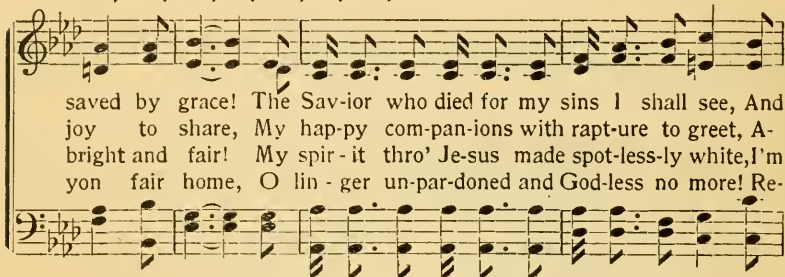
109 I Want to Meet Jesus: Do You?

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

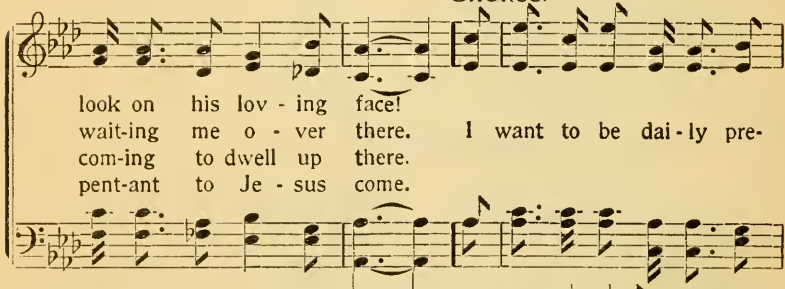


1. How hap-py the meet-ing in heav-en will be When, won-drous-ly
2. My soul has been long-ing my Sav-ior to meet, His presence and
3. O glo-ri-ous cit-y of beau-ty and light, With man-sions so
4. If you are not read-y to en-ter the door That o-pens to

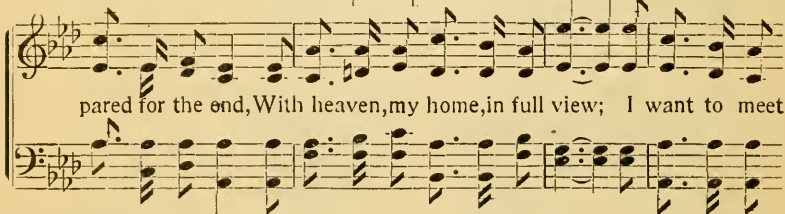


saved by grace! The Sav-ior who died for my sins I shall see, And
joy to share, My hap-py com-pan-ions with rapt-ure to greet, A-
bright and fair! My spir-it thro' Je-sus made spot-less-ly white, I'm
yon fair home, O lin-ger un-par-doned and God-less no more! Re-

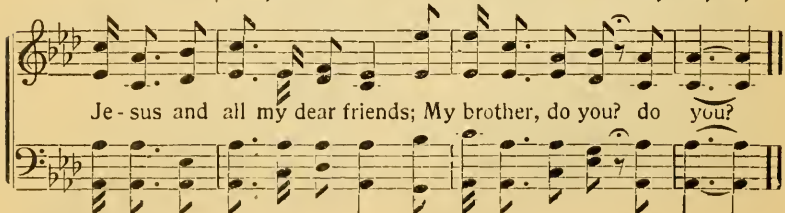
CHORUS.



look on his lov-ing face!
wait-ing me o-ver there. I want to be dai-ly pre-
com-ing to dwell up there.
pent-ant to Je-sus come.



pared for the end, With heaven, my home, in full view; I want to meet



Je-sus and all my dear friends; My brother, do you? do you?

Am I a Soldier?

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune:—ARLINGTON. C. M.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

III

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—MARTYN. 7. D.
FINE.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
 While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
 D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last,

D.C.
 Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOS. SHEPHERD.

Tune.—MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
 4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown, Oh, res-ur-rec-tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And his dear name re-peal.
 Ye an-gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
 3. Here I give my all - to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

D. C.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

D. C.

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
 Soul and bod - y thine to be,—Wholly thine for - ev - er - more.

Humbly at thy Cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied:
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
 Perfected in him I am;
 I am every whit made whole:
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Tune:—DENNIS. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym-pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

W. WILLIAMS.

Tune:—ZION. 8, 7, 4.

1. { Guide me, oh, Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
 { I am weak but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'ful hand; } Bread of

heaven, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:

||: Strong Deliverer,

Be Thou still my strength and shield.:||

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me thro' the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;

||: Songs of praises

I will ever give to Thee.:||

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune:—HURSLEY, L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen - tly steep,
 3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 3. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Savior's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Tune:—TOPLADY, 7s.
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
 D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and Thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

Follow All the Way.

E. W. BLANDY. Alt.

Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing, I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing,
 2. Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, Tho' He leads me thro' the valley,
 3. Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, Tho' He leads me thro' the garden,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow,

I have heard my Savior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
 Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Arrangement copyright, 1898, by Henry Date.

Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

- 4 ||: Tho' He leads me to the conflict, :|| 6 ||: He will give me grace and glory, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. He will keep me, keep me all the way.
 5 ||: Tho' He leads thro' fiery trials, :|| 7 ||: Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. And be with Him, with Him all the way.

To-Day the Savior Calls.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Ye wan-d'ers, come;
 2. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Oh, hear Him now;
 3. To - day the Sav - ior calls; For ref - uge fly;
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r,

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
 The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

120 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDW. PERRONET.

Tune:—CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
 3. Ye chos - en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 4. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 ||: To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.:||

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 ||: We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.:||

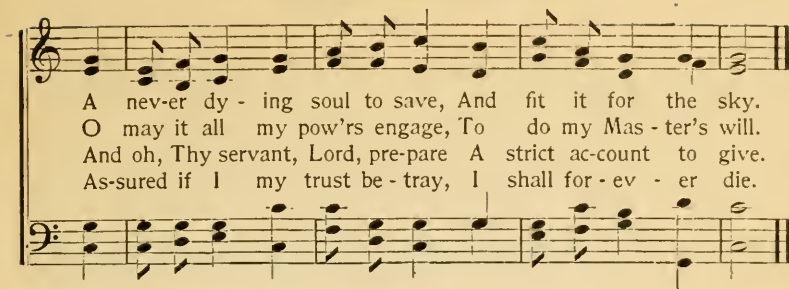
121 A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Tune:—BOYLSTON. S. M

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy-self re - ly,

A Charge to Keep I Have.



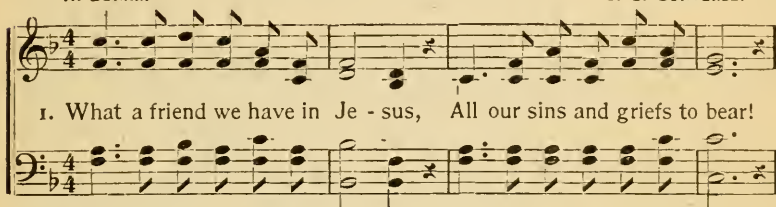
A nev-er dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs engage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.
 As-sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

122

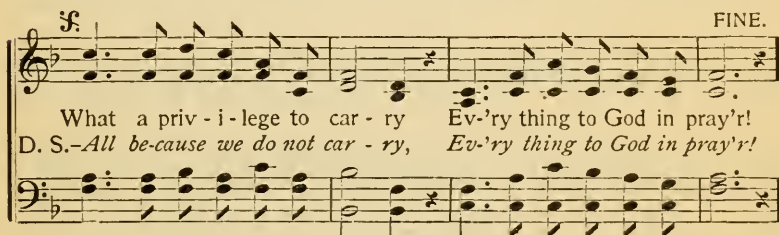
What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

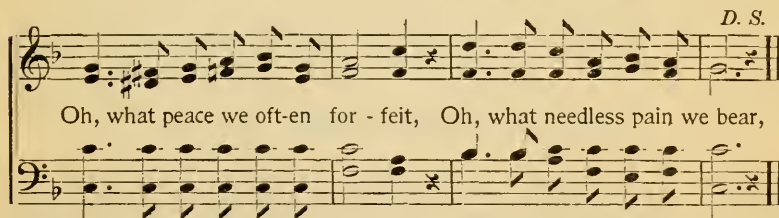


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!



FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!
 D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!



D. S.

Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer,
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
 2. For Jesus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to bestow, Plunge now into the
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in Him with-
 4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust-ing in His word. On-ly trust Him, only trust Him,
 crim-son flood That washes white as snow. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest. Don't reject Him, don't reject Him,
 les-tial land, Where joys immortal flow. I will trust Him, I will trust Him,

On-ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 Come to Je-sus now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 Don't reject Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 I will trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Tune:—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode, The
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand, Dear
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend, To
 4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav-'nly ways, Her

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thine hand.
 her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 sweet communion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

125

Oh, Could I Speak.

S. MEDLEY.

Tune:—ARIEL. C. P. M.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. Well—the de - light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
 Of sin and wrath divine! I'd sing His glo-rious righteousness, In which all
 And I shall see His face: Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine, In notes almost di-vine..
 perfect heav'nly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 ter - ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

Tune:—OLIVET. 6, 4.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sull-en stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in-spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be thou my Guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
 love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
 trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul!

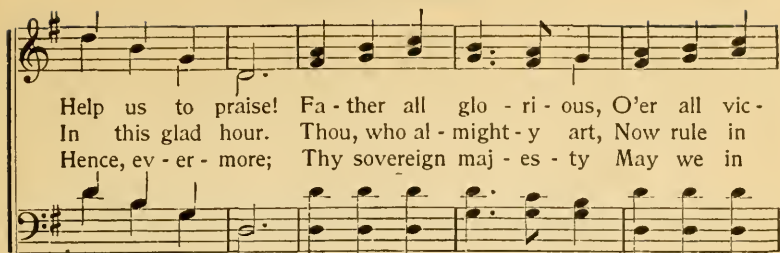
Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

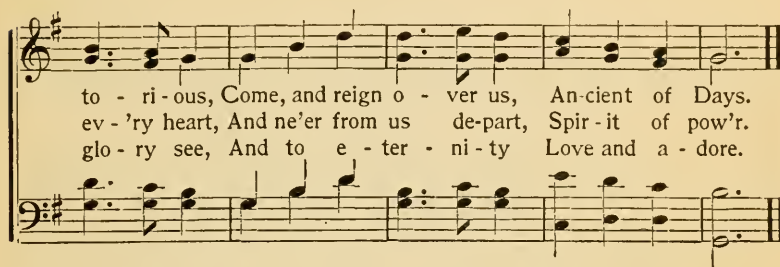
Tune:—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

1. Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
 2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 3. To thee, great One in Three, The high-est prais - es be;

Come Thou Almighty King.



Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
In this glad hour. Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence, ev - er - more; Thy sovereign maj - es - ty May we in



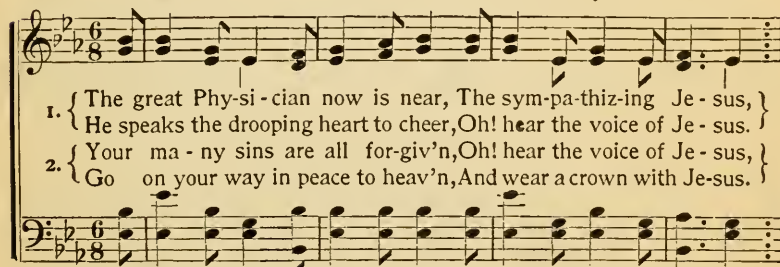
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

128

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

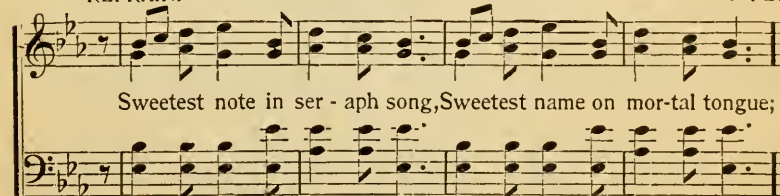


1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, }
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus. }
2. { Your ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus, }
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus. }

D. S.—Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Sweetest note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue;

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—LOVE DIVINE, 8, 7, D.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
 3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spotless let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faithful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom-ised rest.
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:

*D.S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
 D.S.—End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 D.S.—Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.*

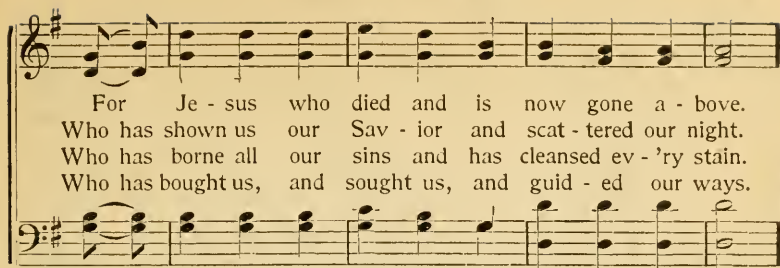
D. S.
 Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Take a-way our bent to sin - ning; Alpha and O - me - ga be;
 Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,

Revive Us Again.



For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.

REFRAIN.

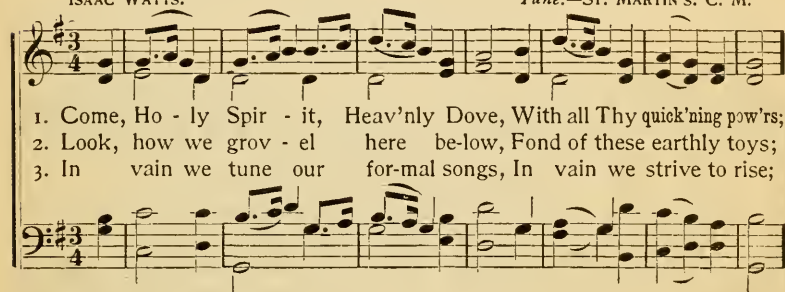


Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glory; Hal - le-lu - jah! a-men! Re-vive us a-gain,

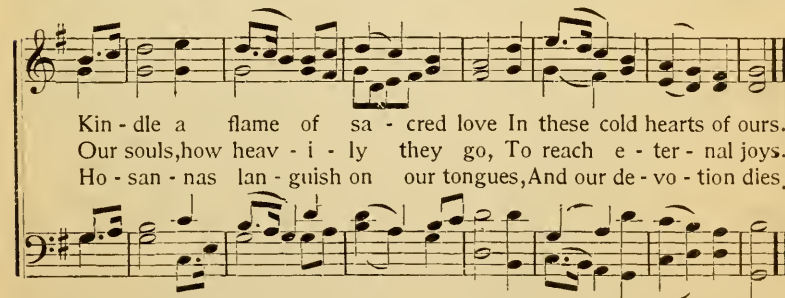
131 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune:—ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov - el here be-low, Fond of these earthly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

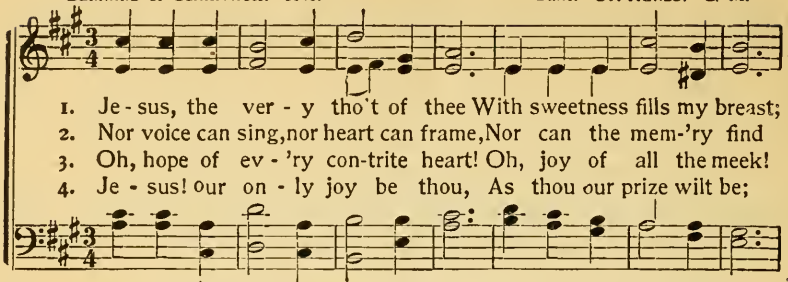
4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

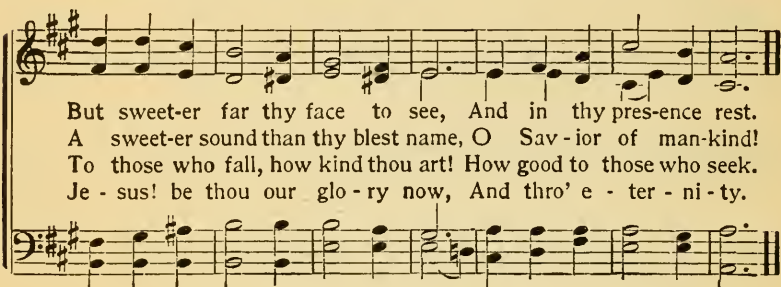
132 Jesus, the Very Tho't of Thee.

BERNARD of CLAIRVAUX. 1140.

Tune:—ST. AGNES. C. M.



1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-'ry find
 3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con-trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
 4. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be thou, As thou our prize wilt be;



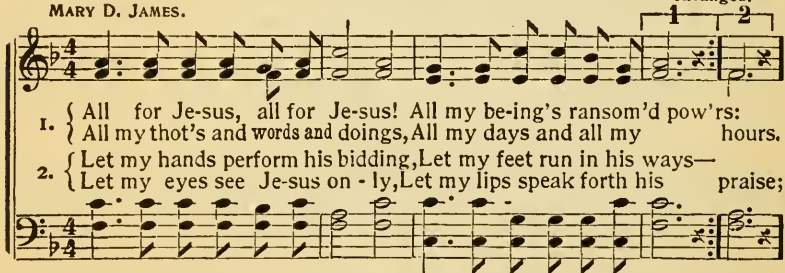
But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
 A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man-kind!
 To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek.
 Je - sus! be thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

133

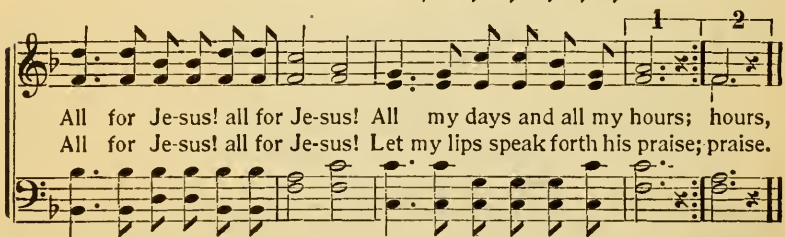
All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

Arranged.



1. { All for Je-sus, all for Je-sus! All my be-ing's ran-som'd pow'rs:
 { All my tho'ts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours.
 2. { Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
 { Let my eyes see Je-sus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise;



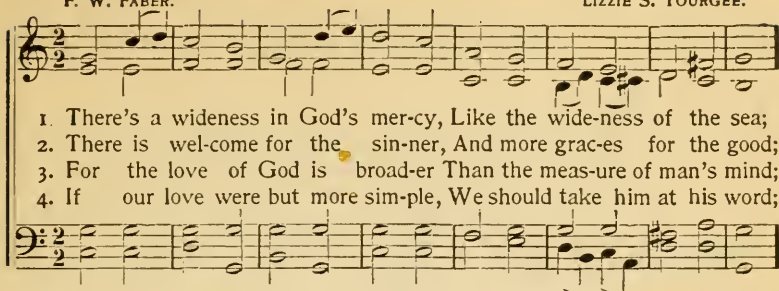
All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! All my days and all my hours; hours,
 All for Je-sus! all for Je-sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
 I've lost sight of all beside;
 So enchained my spirit's vision,
 Looking at the Crucified,
 ¶: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Looking at the Crucified.:||
- 4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
 Jesus, glorious King of kings—
 Deigns to call me his beloved,
 Lets me rest beneath his wings.
 ¶: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
 Resting now beneath his wings.:||

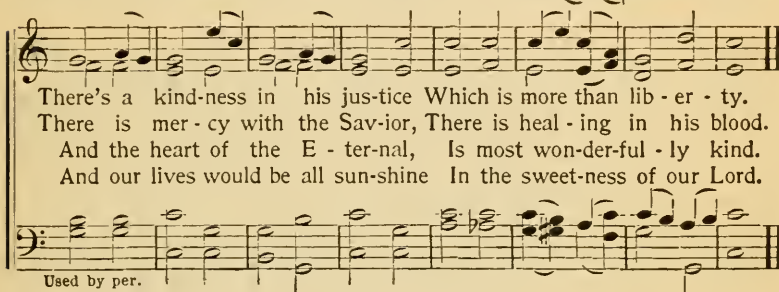
134 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURGEE.



1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take him at his word;



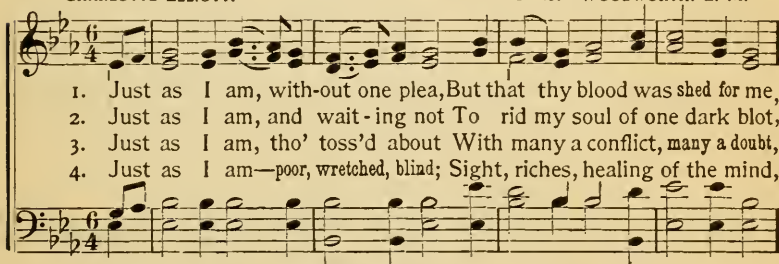
There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Sav-ior, There is heal - ing in his blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter-nal, Is most won-der-ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

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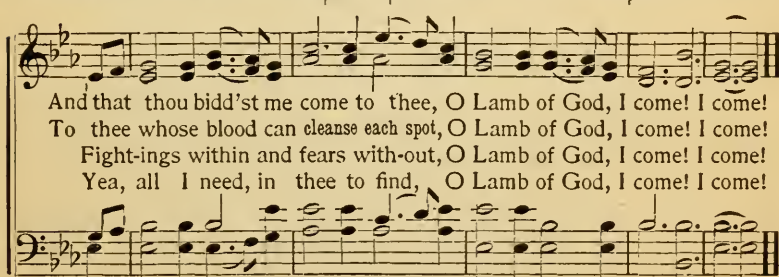
135 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Tune:—WOODWORTH. L. M.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,



And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings within and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- | | |
|--|---|
| 5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come! | 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come! |
|--|---|

REGINALD HEBER.

Tune:—NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and seraphim
 sin - ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

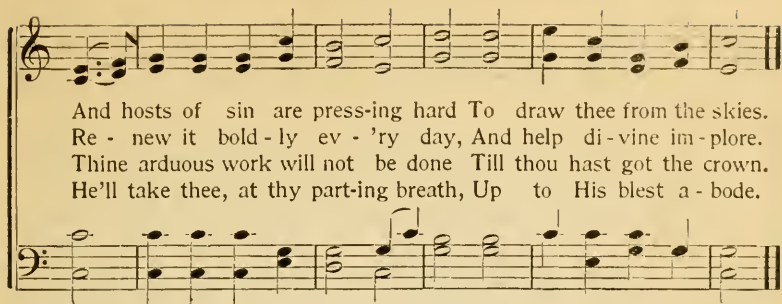
My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH.

Tune:—LABAN. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a - rise,
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er,
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:

My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.



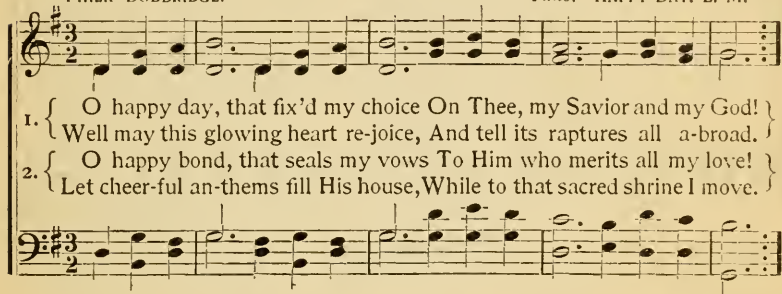
And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thine arduous work will not be done Till thou hast got the crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

138

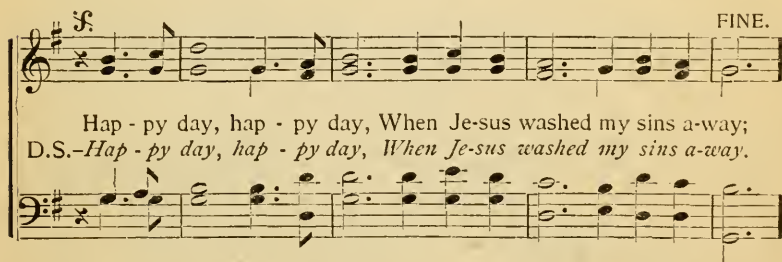
O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Tune:—HAPPY DAY. L. M.

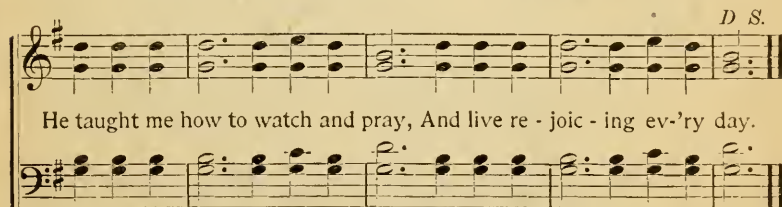


1. { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! }
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! }
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }



FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.



D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine. | 4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed. |
|---|---|

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
 D. C.-Chart and compass came from Thee; Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D. C.-Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
 D. C.-May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Psalm 106.

D. A. DUFF.

Bless'd be Je-hov - ah, Is - rael's God, To all e - ter - ni - ty; Let
 all the peo-ple say, A-men; Let all the peo-ple say, A-men; Let
 all the peo - ple say, A - men. *cres.* Praise to the Lord give ye.

INDEX.

Titles and first lines.

	No.		No.
Abundantly able to save.....	58	Glory be to the Father.....	57
A charge to keep I have.....	121	Gloria Patri.....	57
After the pleasures of life are o'er.	81	Glory to his name.....	55
A home in heav'n you hope to gain	11	"Glory to Jesus!" my glad heart	9
Alas! and did my Savior bleed...	98	Go and tell Jesus.....	52
All and always for the King.....	89	God planned for me a wondrous	28
All for Jesus.....	133	Go forward to battle.....	30
All hail the power of Jesus' name.	120	Going away.....	19
All to Christ I owe.....	51	Guide me.....	115
"Amen" to Jesus.....	47	Have thy affections been nailed to	60
Am I a soldier.....	110	Have ye looked for my sheep....	31
And you will not let him in.....	16	Hear the gospel invitation.....	3
An unseen Friend.....	5	Heavenly sunlight.....	13
Are you heavy laden and with...	76	Help to set the world rejoicing..	34
Are you helping somewhere?...	44	He will hide me in his pavilion..	12
Art thou walking in the shadow..	17	He will send showers of blessing..	102
A touch will make you whole....	21	Holy, holy, holy!.....	136
Awake! Awake!.....	103	Holy Spirit, dwell with me.....	25
Be filled with the Spirit.....	37	Ho, reapers of life's harvest.....	108
Bending, Lord before thee lowly..	69	How dear to my heart is the story	86
Be strong to toil in the vineyard..	39	How happy the meeting in heaven	109
Bless and magnify.....	61	I am coming to the cross.....	113
Blessed assurance.....	62	I am his.....	65
Blessed be Jehovah, Israel's God..	140	I am looking up to Jesus.....	92
Blest be the tie.....	114	I am on the way to my homeland.	24
Bringing in the sheaves.....	67	I am passing down the valley...	59
Burden'd soul, for pardon seeking.	40	If you want to be a Christian...	78
Can it be that Jesus bought me..	91	I have a dear Friend who is....	41
Christ has for sin atonement made	1	I have a dear Savior.....	99
Christian, gird the armor on.....	36	I have heard my Savior calling..	118
Christ is able.....	3	I hear the Savior say, thy strength	51
Christ is standing at the door....	18	I know he's mine.....	8
Christ receiveth sinful men.....	49	I'll go with him.....	12
Church of Christ by grace.....	66	I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....	124
Cleared from all my sin.....	101	I'm going home.....	105
Clinging to Jesus, alone.....	9	I must tell Jesus.....	4
Close by your side stands.....	5	In the light of the cross.....	84
Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed	123	Is he dwelling in your heart....	42
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove	131	Is it not wonderful.....	80
Come, my soul, thy suit prepared.	71	Is thy heart right with God.....	60
Come, Thou Almighty King.....	127	It was good for our fathers.....	79
Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing	29	I've left the world behind me...	82
Come unto Jesus, ye that will...	43	I've turned my back upon the	82
Come, ye who are thirsty.....	22	I want to meet Jesus, do you?...	109
Count your mercies.....	76	Jesus at the door.....	32
Down at the cross, where my....	55	Jesus, be to me a Friend.....	53
Doxology.....	140	Jesus died for you.....	98
Do you know why Christ is.....	16	Jesus, lover of my soul.....	111
Do you want to be a Christian?..	78	Jesus, Savior, hear me.....	56
Evermore.....	53	Jesus, Savior, pilot me.....	139
Follow all the way.....	118	Jesus, the loving Shepherd, calleth	87
Fountain ever flowing.....	22	Jesus, the very tho't of thee....	132
Gathering from each kindred....	20	Just a cup of cooling water.....	74
Gathering gems for his crown...	20	Just a cup of water.....	74
		Just as I am.....	135

No.	No.
Lay hold on the life-line.....	45
Let God's sunshine in.....	63
Let my cleansing be complete...	69
Live not 'mid the shadows.....	63
Long ago in tears of grief.....	42
Lord, thee my God, I early seek..	6
Love Divine, all love excelling..	129
Lovingly, tenderly calling.....	87
Many stars in my crown.....	88
Marching forth to conquer.....	50
March on to victory.....	50
Master, use me.....	85
Must Jesus bear the cross alone..	112
My faith looks up to Thee.....	126
My heav'nly home is bright and	105
My Jesus, I love thee.....	75
My Savior died that I might live.	65
My Savior is dearest of all.....	41
My soul, be on thy guard.....	137
My yielded heart says "yes"...	47
Nearer, my God, to thee.....	100
Never alone	68
None of these things move me..	23
Now I feel the sacred fire.....	97
O happy day, that fixed my choice	138
O, how I love Jesus.....	77
O tempest-tossed sailor on time's	7
O the great love the dear Savior	95
O thou, my soul, bless God.....	61
O to set the world rejoicing.....	34
O, what would I do without Jesus	10
O ye who are drifting.....	45
Oh, could I speak the matchless	125
Oh, it is wonderful.....	91
Oh such wonderful love.....	95
Only one step to Jesus.....	33
Only trust Him.....	123
On the mountains of sin once I..	72
On to victory.....	36
Onward, Christian Soldiers.....	83
Power for service.....	2
Purer and purer, dear Lord.....	46
Quit you like men.....	39
Reapers of life's harvest.....	108
Revive us again.....	130
Rock of Ages.....	117
Rouse ye, Christian people, listen!	38
Seek the perishing.....	31
See the foe advancing.....	15
Send me forth, O blessed Master.	85
Service for others.....	38
Seymour.....	71
Sing it o'er and o'er again.....	49
Softly and tenderly, Jesus is....	94
Somebody must.....	14
Someone must struggle.....	14
Sowing in the morning.....	67
So wonderful	26
Speed the light.....	70
Spirit of power, anoint me.....	2
Stand up for Christ.....	30
Stand up, stand up for Jesus....	106
Sun of my soul.....	116
Sweet hour of prayer.....	35
Tell Jesus all.....	96
Tell Jesus, tell Him everything..	96
Temptations may come and....	23
The country to which I am going	24
The cross the pledge of victory..	66
The dear, loving Savior was taken	64
The fullness of blessing.....	25
The "good news" must be told..	48
The great Physician.....	128
The heavenly harbor is near....	7
The joy of communion with God..	6
The kingly guest.....	54
The morning light is breaking...	107
There are angels hovering round.	93
There is a fountain.....	104
There is a name I love to hear..	77
There is glory in my soul.....	101
There's a royal One who waiteth.	54
There's a wideness in God's mercy	134
There's One above all earthly	8
There will be many stars in my	88
The Savior, standing at thy door.	32
The Spirit-touched soul.....	28
The story of redeeming love.....	48
The story that never grows old..	86
The way that leads us heav'nward	68
This is so wonderful.....	26
This loving Redeemer is mine...	64
Tho' your sins may be as crimson	21
'Tis the old time religion.....	79
Today the Savior calls.....	19
To the millions living o'er the deep	70
Troubled art thou? oh, be of good	52
Try the healing fountain.....	17
Unspeakably precious is he.....	99
Vale of Beulah.....	59
Victory.....	15
Walking in sunlight.....	13
We are friends of Jesus.....	89
We are going away.....	19
Weighed and wanting.....	73
We praise Thee, O God!.....	130
What a friend we have in Jesus..	122
What a wonderful Savior.....	1
What then?.....	81
What would I do without Jesus?..	10
When the blessing comes.....	40
When the Judge shall weigh our	73
When you have time.....	11
Whoever receiveth the Crucified	58
Wonderful grace.....	72
Wondrous it seemeth to me.....	80
Work, for the night is coming...	27

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